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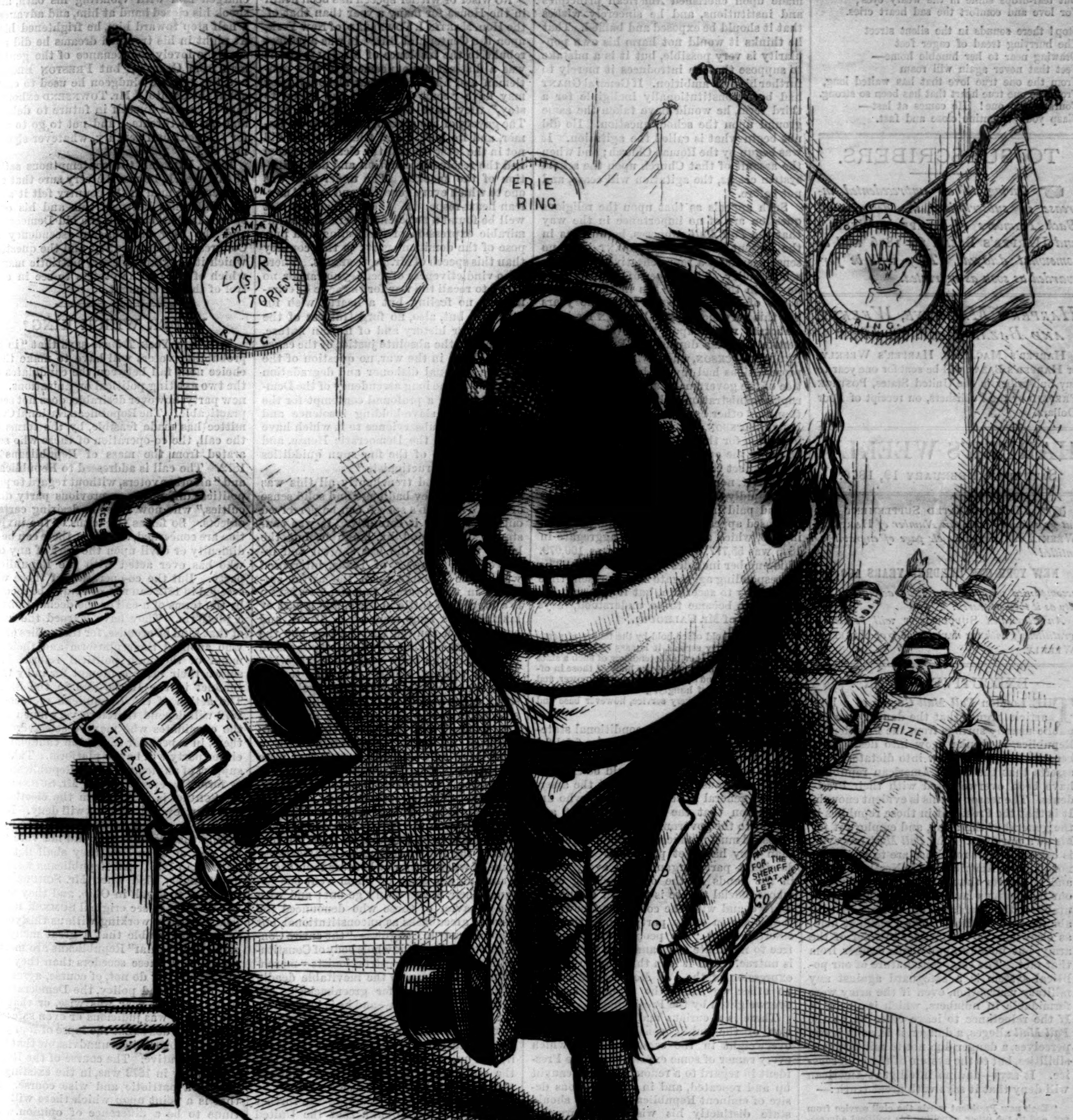

TAMMANY
ON
OUR (S) VICTORIES
RING.
ERIE
RING
CANAL
ON
RING.
EXCELS
N.Y. STATE
TREASURY.
PRIZE.
PARDON FOR THE SHERIFF THAT LET TWEED GO
Th. Nast

MORE!

To the Senate: **State of New York, Executive Chamber, Albany,** *January* **18, 1876.**

In answer to the resolution of the Senate—more appropriations, more power, more attorney-generals, more district attorneys, more marshals, more deputy-marshals, more counsels, more legislation, more laws, more commissioners to investigate, more trials, more cases, more reports, more suits, more opinions, more resolutions, more annual messages, more penalties, more proofs, more civil actions, more indictments, more whereas, more red tape, more—that's all—for conducting these trials.

All-of-a-Twist.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Only a seamstress, weary and sad,
Never a moment of time to be glad.
"Poor Miss Debby!" the neighbors cry,
Each one watching with pitying eye;
"Never a valentine at *her* door,
Though she watch till the day be o'er."
Love seeks beauty and youth and grace,
But has no glance for a tear-stained face.

Yet still she sits at the window-pane,
And still she thinketh over again
How love once folded his wings to rest,
And sought a home in her youthful breast;
How he told his tale while her heart beat fast
One winter's day in the joyous past,
When Cupid and Valentine, hand in hand,
Had taken possession of all the land.

But the lover she kissed sailed o'er the sea,
Holding the promise, "I'll wait for thee."
Ah! was he wrecked on a foreign shore?
Why, oh! why has he come no more?
The seamstress' work is folded away
When twilight falls on Valentine's Day;
But tear-drops shine in the weary eyes;
For love and comfort the sad heart cries.

Stop! there sounds in the silent street
The hurrying tread of eager feet
Drawing near to her humble home—
Feet that never again will roam
From the one true love that has waited long,
From the one true heart that has been so strong.
Courage, sad one! He comes at last—
Clasp your Valentine close and fast.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 19, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a double page of engravings, entitled*

NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO,

accompanied with an interesting account of the city as it then appeared.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

EXECUTIVE POWER.

THE London *Pall Mall Gazette* in a late article argues that the danger to a republic usually springs from the Presidency. Republics, it thinks, grow into despotisms because Presidents grow into dictators. It asserts that the South American republics have been overweighted with their Presidents. The reason of this is evident enough. It is that the President in those republics is the general of the army, and employs it for his own purposes. The *Pall Mall*, however, is conscious that republics are to be judged not in South America, but in North America, and it asserts that whatever debasements our institutions have undergone are attributable to the reluctance of our Presidents to abandon their offices. The President here, as elsewhere, is commander-in-chief of the army, but nobody apprehends danger from that fact. The composite nature of our political system is a safeguard against any military usurpation, even if the army were formidable in numbers, which it never is. If the reluctance to leave office be, as the *Pall Mall* alleges, a danger, it is, as it justly perceives, a danger due not to military possibilities, but to the system of the civil service. It says—and no intelligent American will deny that it says with great truth:—

> "Each new President weeds the civil service from one end to the other, expelling his political adversaries, and replacing them by his political friends, because he must be surrounded by his own creatures, who will labor at all cost to secure him a second term of office. In the United States the disproportion is extreme between the efficiency of administration and the elaborateness of the machinery for securing it; the American people is perpetually voting at some election or another, and is badly served for its pains, and a good deal cheated."

The explanation, however, is not quite accurate. The evils of the civil service system do not spring wholly from Presidential ambition, but largely from party despotism and fancied necessity. Yet the system lends itself to the furtherance of that ambition, as the country would very soon discover if it had an unscrupulous and sagacious schemer in the Presidential chair. The *Pall Mall* adds that "it is a most sound instinct which leads Americans of all parties to protest in the strongest language against a third incumbency of the Presidential office by the same person." This is well said, for the present protest upon the subject does not spring from personal hostility, but from a conviction of the highest public welfare. The most decided expressions upon the subject have proceeded from the friends and supporters of the dominant party, who see the enormous abuses and perils latent in the power of Executive patronage and of party despotism. The *Pall Mall* attributes to General Grant's desire of a renomination the introduction of religious agitation. This, however, is an opinion which it owes to the opponents of the President. He sees, with others, the sectarian assault that is made upon cherished American principles and institutions, and he sincerely wishes that it should be exposed and baffled. That he thinks it would not harm his own popularity is very possible, but it is a mistake to suppose that he introduces it merely to further his own ambition. If General Grant had been constitutionally ineligible for a third term, he would have taken the same ground upon the school question. He did not begin what is called the agitation. It was begun by the Roman Church; and when the assault of that Church upon the school system ceases, the agitation will cease, and not before.

Such appeals as that upon the religious question are of no importance in the way that the *Pall Mall* supposes, because, as in the present case, General Grant is in no sense peculiarly a representative of the true school policy. The danger of the Executive power in this country lies in the possible abuse of the patronage. Forty-one years ago this very month Mr. Calhoun made an elaborate report upon the subject to the Senate. It was during the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, whose wholesale partisan proscriptions had reversed the whole practice of the government, and did more to corrupt administration and degrade our politics than any other cause whatever. Calhoun hated Jackson, who would have gladly hung him for the nullification troubles had he found the opportunity. But these facts do not affect the truth of the statements in his report, nor the force of his arguments. How rapidly the number of persons employed and paid in the executive departments increased appears from a schedule prepared in 1833, which shows that the aggregate in 1825 was 55,777, and in 1833 it was 100,079. This number includes the pensioners. The corresponding aggregate at the present time is not easy to ascertain, but it is enormous. "When it became to be understood," says the report of Mr. Calhoun,

> "that all who hold office hold by the tenure of partisan zeal and party service, it is easy to see that the certain, direct, and inevitable tendency of such a state of things is to convert the entire body of those in office into corrupt and supple instruments of power, and to raise up a host of hungry, greedy, and subservient partisans ready for every service, however base and corrupt."

This is a strong and unconditional statement. It takes no account of the faithful and honorable men who are always in the public service. But they would be the first to agree, because they know that the assertion in general is correct. Those who are of opinion that the apprehension of any danger to the government from a third term is absurd must produce some other argument than they have yet presented. With the dominant party organization every where in the hands of the office-holding class, whose official tenure is the will of the Executive, and with the consequent power of that class in every party Convention, the assertion that "the people" are perfectly free to nominate any candidate they prefer is untrue. And it is in this way, to use the expression of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in no other way, that the republic may be overweighted by the Presidency.

There is a curious and striking illustration of the public consciousness of that overweight in the eagerness with which every rumor of some expression of the President in regard to a renomination is caught up and repeated, and in the notorious desire of eminent Republicans that he should state distinctly his wishes or purposes. There is, however, no anxiety whatever that any other person who is named as a candidate should declare his wishes upon the subject. What, then, is the reason that the President's views are regarded as of such vital importance? The reason is that every body knows that he has means of procuring a nomination which none of the others can command; that he has an immense and illicit advantage over all of them in the power of his official position; and that as parties are organized and Conventions constituted, no one of them can have an equal chance with him to secure a nomination if he chooses to be a candidate, not because of popular or party preference for him, but because of his enormous patronage. He plays for the renomination with loaded dice. If a President stood in the Convention of his party upon an absolute equality with other candidates—and that equality before the nomination is the intention of the Constitution—his renomination would be a question of expediency merely, and not, as now, of principle. Is not the notorious fact of the public eagerness to know his wish upon a subject which is wholly the concern of the people—an eagerness springing from the consciousness that his wish has such vast power to fulfill itself—a powerful argument for a radical change of the system that makes such a humiliating situation possible?

MR. TOWNSEND'S SPEECH.

No wiser or wittier speech has been heard in the House for many a year than that of the Hon. Martin I. Townsend, of New York, upon the Centennial Bill. It was a perfect rebuke to the insolence of Mr. Hill, and it was a distinct announcement to that gentleman and his friends that although they may have "come back into the Union to stay," they have not come back to rule. The gayety of the speech, its wholesome humor, and its kindly and friendly spirit did not in the least conceal the clear perception and the resolute conviction and determination of the speaker. The under-tone was one to which every generous and loyal American heart responds. Indeed, there can not well be found a more characteristic and admirable expression of the feeling and purpose of the dominant party in this country than this speech of Mr. Townsend's. There is no vindictiveness of feeling, no rancor, no desire to recall the war for the sake of crimination, no feeling but a hearty wish for concord; but, also, no forgetfulness of the facts of our history and of human nature, no doubt of the absolute justice of the cause of the Union in the war, no question of the infinite national dishonor and degradation wrought by the long ascendency of the Democratic party; a profound contempt for the old-fashioned slave-holding insolence and the Northern subservience to it which have re-appeared in the Democratic House, and an equal scorn of the fine-spun quiddities of "strict constructionists."

How fully and trenchantly all this was shown in the racy badinage and solid sense of Mr. Townsend's speech can be perceived only by reading it carefully. It was constantly interrupted by laughter, but the blows were none the less shrewd and incisive. Mr. Reagan, of Texas, interposed with some remarks upon the awful suffering in that State. But Mr. Townsend is a breeder of cattle in Iowa, and a part of his family is long resident in Texas, and he very soon showed that he was not the "wild Yankee" that Mr. Reagan supposed, but a man who knew very distinctly what he was talking about. Turning to Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, who had spoken of strict construction, Mr. Townsend, a Jackson Democrat in former years, punctured and pricked and dissipated the airy absurdities of strict construction with a knowledge and skill and humor that were irresistible. He exposed the ridiculous tergiversations upon this subject of Calhoun, the father of strict construction. He cited the flagrant instances of departure from the principle upon the part of Southern Democratic politicians, winding up with the conduct of the strict construction Confederates, some of whom went out because their States went out, and some of whom went out because their States didn't go out; and with the behavior of those who denounced the issue of greenbacks as unconstitutional, but who just now in Congress—"the entire Confederate phalanx, the whole body of Constitution-loving strict constructionists—marched up as one man to the inevitable deadly breach, and voted for greenbacks." Mr. Townsend concludes—and he is justified by our political history—that "if a strict constructionist wants a measure to succeed, it is constitutional, and if he does not want it, it is unconstitutional." And then he told the story of the Irishman's horse and the glanders, at which the House roared.

He continued by considering the further objection of Mr. Tucker that the United States are not a nation. This, he said, was a question that had been always debated, and the final judgment of the sword had been rendered in the gentleman's own district, at Appomattox Court-house. We fought that we might have a great country. "We knew," he said to Mr. Tucker and Mr. Hill—"we knew you were brave before the war, but you did not know we were, and there was never a more disappointed people in the world than you were. I will confess," he added, "here, before you, that the miserable creatures we sent to Congress, who always yielded every thing when you clamored, cheated you into that struggle." In reply to Mr. Hill's charge, "with his closed hand shaking at us, that we—a whole hundred of us—had violated every oath and committed every crime," Mr. Townsend recalled the Republican offenses of fanatically saving the country, in which Mr. Randall and other Democrats joined; of removing by a vote of two-thirds all the disabilities of the sixty-one Confederates who are now members of the House; of sending a national ship to Brazil to bring home the ex-rebels who had gone thither "to enjoy the benefits of an unbroken Constitution and the principles of '98;" and of restoring the slave to his manhood. These were offenses, he supposed, almost too much for human nature to bear, but he hoped the gentleman from Georgia would live through it. Finally, Mr. Townsend begged that gentleman, if hereafter he found him so wicked, to spare him, for he was young and timid. When Mr. Hill charged him with violating his oath, and shook his closed hand at him, and advanced a half step toward him, he frightened him. At night in his troubled dreams he did not see "the lovely countenance of the gentleman from Georgia," but Preston Brooks and the terrible bludgeon he used to carry about the Capitol. Mr. Townsend exhorted him to confine himself in future to debate, and not to threats, "and not to go to war for the next half century, whatever else he may do."

If Mr. Hill felt the contemptuous satire of this speech, he may be very sure that every sensible man in the country felt it also. The difference between this and his own speech is that between the old Democratic and the new Republican ascendency in Congress and the country, and the question which it suggests to every patriotic man is which of the two he prefers to see in control of the government.

UNDER WHICH KING?

The New York *Tribune* says that "in all probability voters will have to make their choice next fall between the candidates of the two existing political organizations. A new party, however desirable, does not seem practicable." The Republican National Committee has made feasible, by the terms of the call, the co-operation of those who separated from the mass of Republicans in 1872. The call is addressed to Republicans and "all other voters, without regard to past political differences or previous party difficulties," who now agree in desiring certain objects. So far as the terms of the invitation are concerned, therefore, there can be no difficulty or cavil upon the part of any one who has ever acted with the Republican party. But the co-operation of those who seceded in 1872 can not, of course, be secured by the terms of a call or the declarations of a platform. They have learned the value of that kind of promise, for their allies of '72, who adopted their platform and their demand of thorough political reform, have shown their utter contempt for it by their conduct in the House and in the States. The action of the Republican seceders of 1872 will depend, therefore, very much upon the candidates who may be selected. For them, in a peculiar sense, the candidate of either party will be the platform. That the support of an element in the Republican party formerly represented by Mr. Sumner and Mr. Schurz is desirable in the election of this year, few Republicans will deny. Nothing is to be gained for any good cause by insisting that because they did not vote with the rest of us in 1872, they shall not vote with us in 1876. All Republicans were unquestionably glad when Mr. Schurz went last year to speak in Ohio, and they would not be sorry to see original Sumner Republicans heartily working with us this year.

It is undeniable that a great many sincere and "regular" Republicans are more in unison with these seceders than they were in 1872. They do not, of course, agree that the method and policy, the Democratic alliance, of that year was wise, or that the nomination was judicious or even safe; nor would they deny that the lapse of four years has made some things unadvisable that were then imperative. The course of the Republican party in 1872 was, in the existing situation, a patriotic and wise course. But that is a point upon which there will continue to be a difference of opinion. The question before the seceders of that year and other Republicans now is, What shall be done to-day? Both parties will make the same general professions. Both will pronounce for administrative reform, for a sound financial policy, for equal rights, and sectional harmony. One promise will be as good as another. But which promiser is the more likely to keep his word? Which is pledged by its convictions, its antecedents, and its character to hold the country to the general course in which the war placed it? This is the precise point for the doubters, and the question can be answered satisfactorily only by the character and significance of the candidates whom the Conventions nominate.

There are certain conspicuous men upon both sides for whom, we presume, the independents of whom we speak, and who are now a very much larger body than they have been for a generation, would not vote. They would not vote either for a Republican or Democratic inflationist. They would not vote for a non-committal Democrat like Mr. Hendricks, whose platform is the fence. They would not vote for any Republican candidate who would, in their judgment, confirm what they think the wrong tendencies of the present Administration. Yet they would unquestionably prefer to support the Republican rather than the Democratic cause. Seeing that one of the two must prevail, and sincerely wishing a real sectional conciliation and reunion, they are quite wise enough to know that it is not an indifferent question whether the government shall be controlled by the late Confederates and slave-holders or by the defenders of the Union and the emancipators of the slaves. The independents have proved that they have the courage of their opinions. Upon all great and substantive questions they agree with the best Republican sentiment of the country. It rests wholly with that sentiment to decide whether the great multitude of the seceders of 1872 shall co-operate to achieve a common Republican success in 1876—a triumph in every way worthy of the Centennial year.

THE JAPANESE INDEMNITY FUND.

The announcement that Japan has made a large appropriation for a representation at the Centennial Exhibition, and the arrival in the country as Commissioner of a respected American citizen who for three years has been engaged in Japan in the work of establishing a national system of education, remind us of the duty that the United States owe to Japan, and which should not longer remain undone. This is nothing less than the repayment of the Japanese indemnity fund. The history of this fund is familiar to many persons, and was briefly and clearly narrated in the House of Representatives a year ago by the Hon. Robert S. Hale. A full and accurate account of it has also been prepared by Mr. Edward House, and there are other documents, including the official correspondence, which show that the United States, with Great Britain, France, and Holland, have treated Japan with a harshness which is a repulsive introduction to those international amenities of civilized states from which Japan was thought to have held herself unreasonably aloof.

The event which occasioned the indemnity payment occurred in 1863. At that time the authority of the Mikado, the ancient emperor of the country, was merely nominal, and the real power was in the hands of the Tycoon. The latter officer was in form, however, only a subject. The empire was composed of provinces, each of which was ruled by a daimio, all of whom were jealous of the Tycoon's authority, and who, in case of his attempt to dethrone the Mikado, would have sustained the latter. The treaties of Commodore Perry, in 1853, and of other envoys were made with the Tycoon, without reference to the Mikado, who long afterward was persuaded to give his consent. Hence the Mikado and the daimios were hostile to the Tycoon's policy at Jeddo, and two of the most powerful daimios, who were almost independent princes, seriously perplexed the Tycoon, and supported the Mikado's demand that the Tycoon should expel the foreigners and close the ports. One of these daimios, Chosiu, finally openly rebelled, and the aspect of affairs was so menacing that the Tycoon, who, with the progressive party, was really desirous of keeping the faith he had pledged to foreign powers, was compelled to temporize. He publicly ordered the daimios to expel the foreigners, but at the same time he privately took measures to frustrate his own orders. The territory of Chosiu commanded a narrow strait which connects the Japanese inland sea with the ocean. In June, 1863, a small American steamer, the *Pembroke*, anchored in this strait, and was attacked by two steamers of Chosiu. But she escaped unhurt. The United States minister in Japan sent the steamer *Wyoming* to retaliate. The *Wyoming* ran in between the vessels of the daimio and the shore, and under a heavy fire from the vessels and the land batteries, sank a brig and exploded the boilers of a steamer, with a loss of five Americans killed and six wounded, the Japanese damage and loss not being known. In the next month a French steamer and a Dutch corvette were attacked in the straits. The French, like the Americans, took summary vengeance; the Dutch retired. No English vessel was engaged or suffered.

The Tycoon's Government at Jeddo expressed extreme regret for the occurrence, and promised, as soon as the state of the country would permit, to chastise the daimio. But it owned its weakness, and begged the forbearance of foreign powers. The United States minister made his claim for indemnity, amounting to $10,000. He also suggested that the Government should pay another sum for the loss upon the *Wyoming;* but the Jeddo Government naturally held that the damage the *Wyoming* had inflicted might properly offset that she had received. The Government, however, instantly acknowledged the *Pembroke* claim, but pleaded financial embarrassment, and asked for delay in payment. In September, 1864, the claim was paid, with two thousand dollars interest. Thus the *Pembroke* received ten thousand dollars, the United States two thousand, and the "insult to the flag" had been avenged by the *Wyoming*. The minister stated that the Japanese Government had arranged the claim to his satisfaction, and the affair was apparently ended. But as the Japanese authorities were not able to secure the freedom of the strait of Shimonoseki, the foreign ministers resolved to undertake that task. Without instructions from their Governments, they sent an expedition of nine British, four Dutch, and three French vessels, with a small chartered steamer to represent the United States. A short assault silenced the daimio's guns, scattered his forces, and demolished his works. He himself agreed not to rebuild the batteries, and to pay an indemnity to cover the expense of the expedition. But the ministers insisted that the Tycoon's Government should guarantee this payment, or they would treat directly with the daimio, and open a port for trade in his territory. The Tycoon was obliged to submit.

The ministers then fixed the sum to be paid at $3,000,000. The American minister, however, did not regard the business "with unmixed satisfaction," and he assented to the enormous sum demanded because he thought it would force the Government to open another port. The sum of two millions of dollars was first agreed upon. But that was not too large for Japan to pay, so it was increased to three millions. But declining to be forced to adopt a course which was obnoxious to her, Japan has faithfully paid the money, and the United States Treasury has received $750,000 as our share of the disgraceful plunder. The Department of State has disbursed less than $50,000, and a balance of a million and a quarter of dollars, principal and interest, remains to us in addition to the sum with which our minister expressed himself perfectly satisfied. The money is not properly ours, and there can not be a difference of opinion as to the simple justice of its prompt return to Japan. A bill refusing to receive the unpaid moiety unanimously passed the House at a previous session, and a bill restoring the money unconditionally should receive the same support. Mr. Murray, the Japanese Centennial Commissioner, states that he has satisfactory grounds for knowing that, if returned, it will be devoted to purposes of education. Mr. Monroe has introduced a bill authorizing the release to Japan of the balance of the fund remaining after the payment of all just charges. This is simply just, and we can not decently avoid returning the money. But Mr. Monroe's bill suggests that the Japanese government should be invited to establish with it a college in Japan for the education of Japanese and American youth. This suggestion should be stricken out, for the money is not honorably ours, and we should only deepen our offense if we annexed conditions to its prompt repayment.

DR. NEWMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* very properly calls attention to the total discomfiture of the attempt to make Democratic party capital out of the recent tour of consular inspection by Dr. Newman. "Parson Newman" has been a fruitful text for gibes and innuendoes and laughs among Democratic "reformers," and when he was summoned before the committee of the House to give his testimony, that out of his own mouth he and the President and the Department of State might be convicted of wanton extravagance and knavery and folly, it was fondly supposed that the sins of the Republican party would appear blacker than ever. Dr. Newman went before the committee and gave his testimony. It was clear, simple, direct, and full of valuable information. It taught the committee very much more upon the subject than they or the country are likely to learn in any other way. The very evil which Mr. Farrell, former consul at Cadiz, has just pointed out to the same committee, the undervaluation of goods about to be imported—a process by which the Treasury loses millions of dollars annually—was one of the three subjects of investigation with which Dr. Newman was especially charged. He was, further, to consider the means of increasing American commerce at the various ports he visited, and to make a detailed report.

The testimony of Dr. Newman disclosed many defects in the consular system that he had already reported to the State Department, and which the committee will probably report to the House. The House will owe the knowledge and the consequent remedial legislation to the much ridiculed investigation of "Parson Newman." And the information seems to be worth the money which it cost. So much has been said of sending a clergyman at the national expense upon a junketing tour around the world, that we have been curious to see the exact figures of the outlay for this useless, extravagant, and costly expedition. Here they are. "His entire expenses for the trip around the world, occupying a year and a half, were $2300." And when he arrived at St. Petersburg he resigned, and his salary was discontinued. An intelligent and shrewd observer is sent out by the Government in the public interest to obtain information which can not well or accurately be obtained in any other way. He performs his duty admirably. He discovers and exposes frauds by which the Treasury is cheated. He points out faults by the correction of which money may be saved. He furnishes much and most useful information, and he is traveling for a year and a half in remote countries, and at a cost to the country of less than three thousand dollars. Is this extravagant? We have heard no sneer at "Parson Newman" since his testimony was given. We venture to believe that there will be none in the report of the committee; and its members will deserve the public approbation if they do their duty in Congress as well and as cheaply as Dr. Newman has done his upon his tour.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Samuel M. Shaw, of the Cooperstown *Freeman's Journal*, formerly one of the editors of the Albany *Argus*, recently visited the venerable Francis P. Blair, near Washington. Mr. Blair, who is now eighty-five years old, and in feeble health, was somewhat surprised when told that the number of years devoted to journalism by Mr. Shaw exceeded his own. During the visit Mr. Blair spoke gratefully of the assistance he had received from his wife while editing the *Globe*. Although only two years his junior, she still accompanies him in his horseback rides in summer.

—President Woods, of the Western University of Pennsylvania (Baptist), having raised $100,000 toward an endowment, Mr. William Shaw has added another $100,000.

—M. Alexandre Dumas derives a steady income of about $40,000 per annum from his plays. Independent of this, each new play brings him about $30,000 down. He lives in a pleasant suburban house, does all his work in a spacious ground-floor study, with large windows overlooking a garden. He is tall, stalwart, very pale, and his first aspect is proud, cold, stern, and a little defiant; but he quickly thaws, and becomes fascinating, gay, cordial, vivacious, simple, full of anecdote, wit, and laughter. Good man to dine with.

—Secretary Bristow, who is just now in such hot pursuit of the alcoholic malefactors, is, in private life, brimful of good-natured wit, and among his intimate friends gives vent to this trait, and will bear bravely any amount of friendly raillery.

—John Forster, the eminent historian, biographer, and critic, who died in London on the 1st instant, has for many years been regarded as one of the foremost men of letters in England. He was born at Newcastle in 1812, was educated in the University of London, and was a member of its first law class. With his classmates he established the *London University Magazine*, out of which grew the *Englishman's Magazine*. To this periodical Mr. Forster contributed a series of biographical articles on the "Early Patriots of England," which were subsequently enlarged into his *Lives of Statesmen under the Commonwealth*. He pursued the study of the law under Chitty, and was called to the bar, but soon became a valued contributor to periodicals. He became editor of the *Examiner* in 1846, and wrote largely for every number of it, in the departments of politics and literary criticism. He was also four years the editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and after the retirement of Mr. Charles Dickens edited the *Daily News* for about one year. In 1855 he married the wealthy widow of Henry Colburn, the publisher. In 1856 he became secretary to the Lunacy Commission, and in 1861 was gazetted Commissioner of Lunacy. He wrote occasionally for the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Foreign Quarterly*. His principal works are lives of Oliver Goldsmith, Sir John Elliott, Walter Savage Landor, and Charles Dickens. All his works, especially the *Lives of Statesmen*, are considered to possess a high literary value. His second volume of the *Life of Swift* was completed, and will soon be published by Harper & Brothers. The third was well advanced.

—The Attorney-General of New York has paid over to Comptroller Green, of this city, $55,345 94, the amount collected in the judgment against the estate of the late County Auditor Watson. The whole judgment was for $648,932 32.

—Mr. Disraeli has given another instance of violating red tape by appointing an exceptionally deserving man to office. In the Ashantee war Captain Glover, of the British navy, who happened to be on the coast, organized an expedition, and marched it through the densely wooded country, arriving just in time to be of essential service to Sir Garnet Wolsley, commander of the British forces. For this he was knighted in 1874, and became Sir John Glover. He has now been selected to succeed Sir Stephen Hill as Governor of Newfoundland, with a salary of $10,000, a residence, and certain allowances to sustain the dignity.

—They are getting on in Illinois. The Lake Forest University is lifting its collegiate head. It has recently received as donations: from C. B. Nelson, $20,000; C. S. Farwell, $15,000; J. V. Farwell, $15,000; Cornelia J. Williams, $5000; Amzi Benedict, $5000; H. C. Durand, $5000; William S. Johnson, $5000; and N. S. Bouton, $5000. The university now owns $300,000, has no debts, and $50,000 out at interest.

—It is stated in London papers that the fortune left by the late Sir Anthony Rothschild (he took none of it with him—left every thing) amounted to nearly $50,000,000. The fortune of the late Mr. Brassey, who was regarded as one of the largest of British millionaires, was about $30,000,000. Mr. Morrison, the head of the house of Morrison, Dillon, & Co., left some $20,000,000. Sir Anthony Rothschild may therefore be said to have left the largest estate of any Briton.

—The Archbishop of York, speaking at a meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, at Liverpool, said the English were largely and increasingly a drinking nation. It was a humiliating confession that since temperance organizations had been formed, the drinking propensities of the people had increased. Still they must not be discouraged, but put forth greater efforts to stem the tide. Legislation must be amended so as to grapple more effectually with the evil, and he urged both clergy and laity actively to co-operate.

—Mr. Eustis, who purports to be the new United States Senator from Louisiana, is about forty-five, fine-looking, a descendant of one of the old Creole families, and is a grandson of Judge Eustis, of the Supreme Court; is a graduate of Yale, and spent several years abroad, where his education was completed at the German universities. He is a man of wealth and high social position.

—Andrew Johnson, sole surviving son of the late President, has purchased, and will hereafter conduct, the Greenville (Tennessee) *Intelligencer*.

—The Hon. Samuel J. Randall, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House of Representatives, was a war Democrat, and at the outbreak of the rebellion enlisted as a private in the First Philadelphia City Cavalry, and went immediately to the front. While serving as a private he was elected to Congress. In a letter to Colonel T. A. Scott, then Assistant Secretary of War, recommending Colonel George H. Thomas for a brigadiership, he says: "I am, as you perhaps know, a private in the First City Cavalry of Philadelphia, and I never saw Colonel Thomas until I saw him on parade, and our intercourse has been only such as exists between a colonel and one of his soldiers; hence you can see my recommendation comes from pure motives and is entirely free from social or political considerations. I speak for and write in behalf of the brave men who in this hour of our country's peril are coming forward and endangering their own lives, and perhaps leaving those most dear to them without a support."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Congressional record for the week is light. On the 31st ult., Mr. Morrison introduced in the House a bill for the revision of the tariff. Taxes are reduced on almost every article except cigars, on which the duty is increased. The tax on tea and coffee is re-imposed. The bill was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.—The third-term question came up in the House on the 1st, when it was discussed, and then laid over. On the 2d it was called up again. When the House came to a vote, the amendment of Mr. Reagan to the proposed constitutional amendment, proposing to limit the Executive to one term of six years, instead of four, after the year 1881, was first voted on, and lost, by 70 to 154. Then the vote was taken on Mr. Frye's minority substitute, for a term of six years after 1885, so that two Presidential terms of four years each might intervene, but that was lost by 109 to 144. His amendment also provided that where the Vice-President should succeed to the Executive chair, he should not be eligible either to another term if he had served more than two years. Then the vote came simply on the proposed Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which reads, "No person who has held or may hereafter hold the office of President shall ever again be eligible to said office." This was also lost by 144 to 106, the constitutional two-thirds not having voted for it. Nearly all of the leading Republican members voted against it, and some of the Democrats. It lacked 24 of the required vote, with 42 members absent or not voting.—On the 4th, Mr. Morton spoke in behalf of the admission of Mr. Pinchback to a seat in the Senate.

Violent gales prevailed throughout the New England, Middle, and Western States on the 2d, causing great damage to property.

Governor Tilden, on the 1st, signed the bill repealing the Gray Nuns Act.

The public debt statement for January shows a reduction of $1,599,155 47.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported in Paris that the Carlists have been badly whipped, and that Don Carlos is on his way to France.

An explosion occurred in the Jabin Colliery, St. Etienne, Belgium, on the 4th. It is feared that as many as 200 lives were lost.

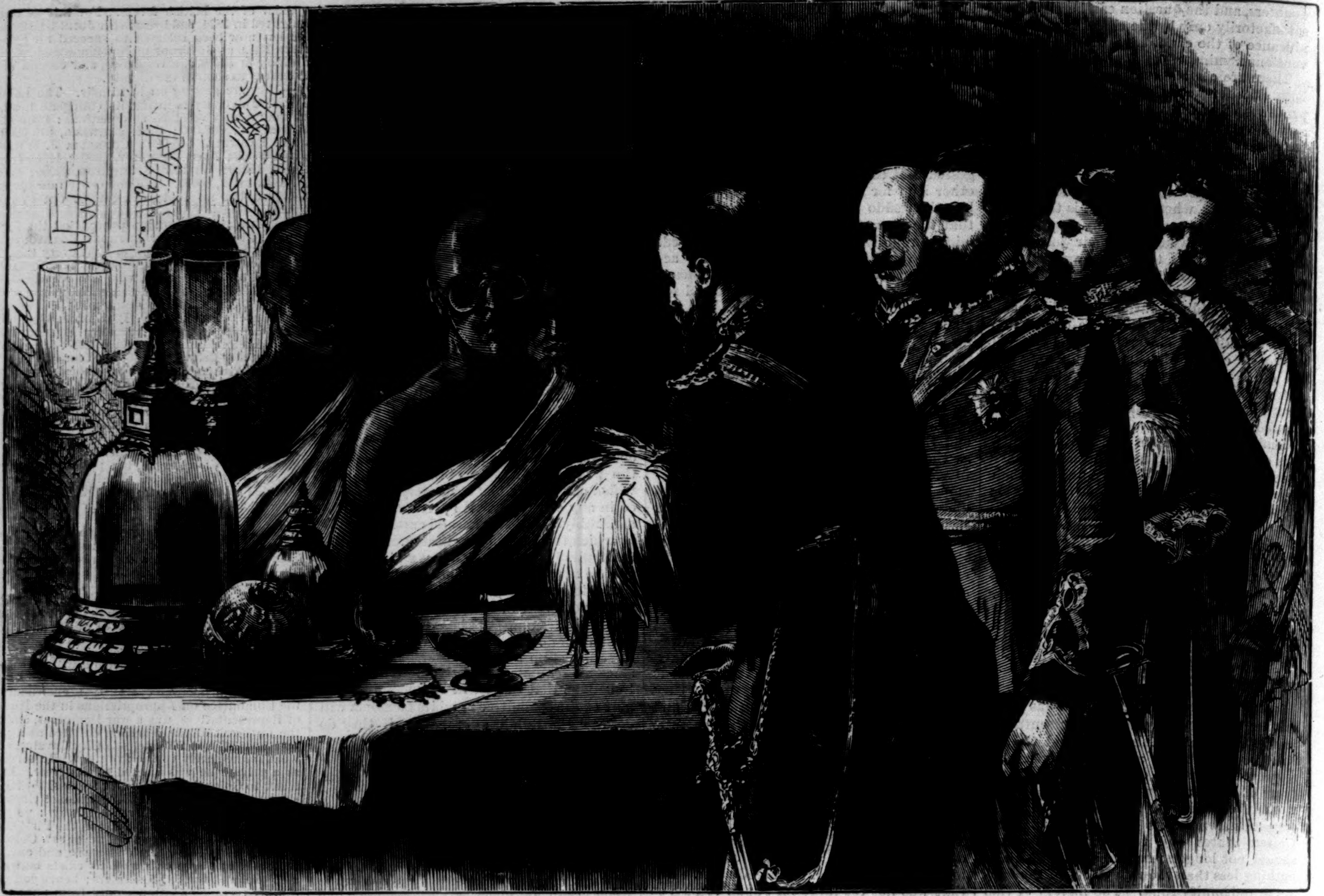
The Oxford and Cambridge University boat clubs have decided to decline the challenge of the Rowing Association of American Colleges. Consideration of the invitation from Philadelphia to take part in the Centennial regatta was postponed until after the Oxford and Cambridge race, when an effort will be made to get six oarsmen to visit the United States, but on their own responsibility, not as representatives of the university.

The negotiations between Prussia and Lauenburg for the incorporation of the latter with Prussia have been completed. A bill to that effect will be introduced in the Parliament shortly.

The statue of Lord Palmerston in Palace Yard, near the Parliament House, Westminster, was unveiled on the 2d.

Dispatches from Bombay say that Sadash Rao, the nephew of the deposed Guicowar, and the claimant to the throne, has been banished from Baroda for inciting rebellion. Serious and bloody feuds are announced as having occurred among the tribes on the Scinde frontier. The *Times of India* fears a general rising throughout Beloochistan. It is reported that the Indian government contemplates occupying Kelat and deposing the Khan.

The Spanish Senatorial elections have resulted very favorably to the government. Among the successful candidates are two bishops, the Marquis of Molino, and eleven generals, including Espartero, Quesada, Letona, and Primo de Rivera.

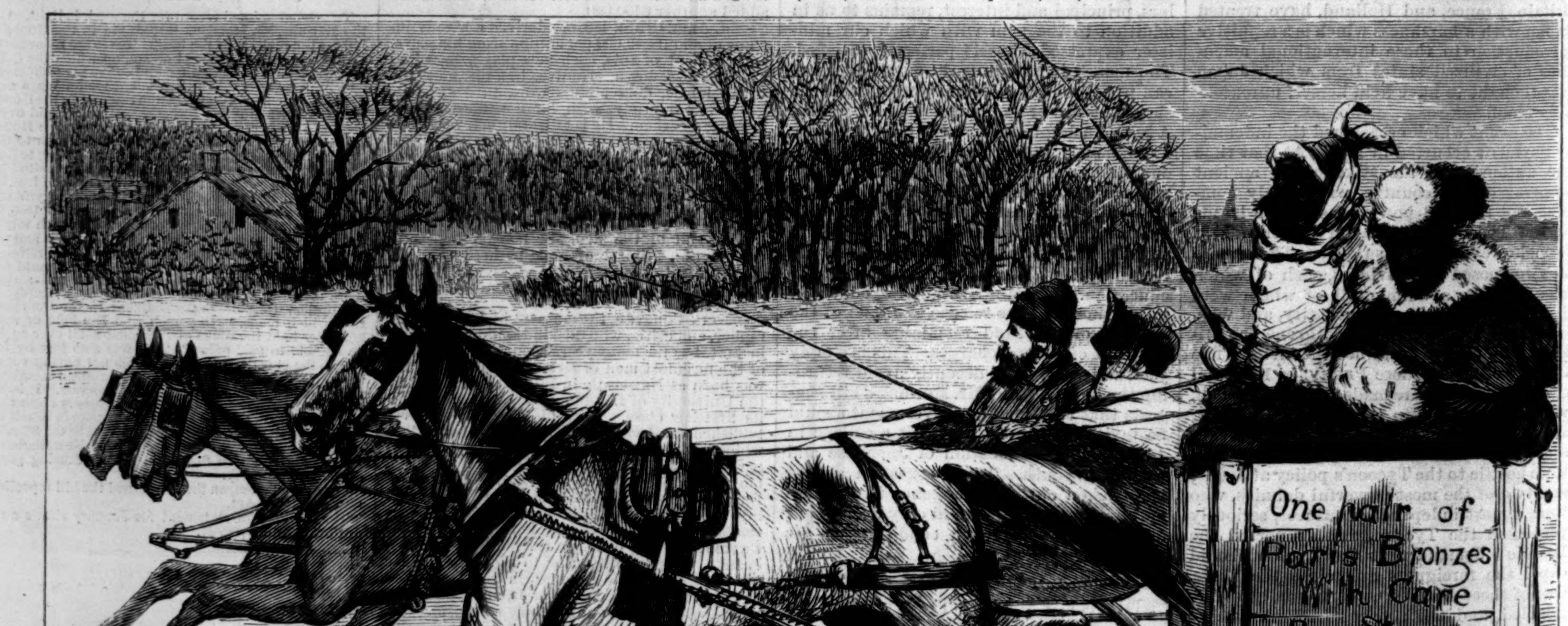


A BUDDHIST RELIC—INSPECTING THE SACRED TOOTH AT KANDY, CEYLON.

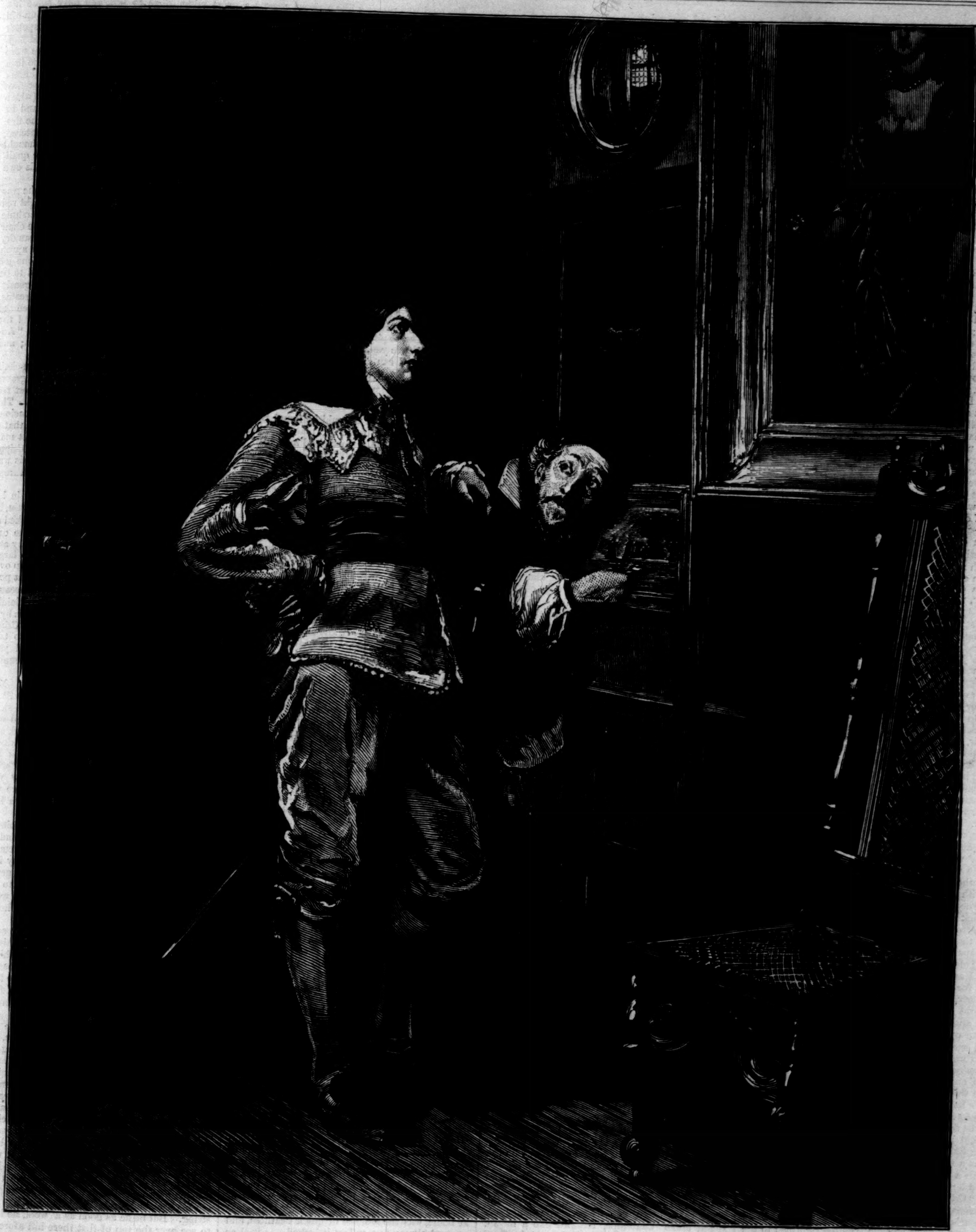
A BUDDHIST RELIC.

One of the chief incidents of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Kandy, a town of Ceylon, was the exhibition of the sacred eye-tooth of Gautama Buddha—one of the most holy relics of the Buddhists. This tooth has a curious history. The original is held by the Buddhists to have been rescued from the ashes of the god some five hundred and forty years before the Christian era, but not to have been brought to Ceylon till some eight hundred years afterward, it having been preserved at Wantapura, in Kalinga. Early in the fourteenth century it was carried off to India, but was subsequently restored, and during the troubled times which ensued was carefully hidden.

During the Portuguese invasion of 1560, however, the tooth was captured, and, notwithstanding that the King of Pegu offered a million sterling as its ransom, it was publicly burned at Goa, the Catholic archbishop refusing to take a ransom for such an idolatrous relic. After some years two more of Buddha's teeth were suddenly discovered to have been miraculously preserved—one



BOUND TO HAVE A SLEIGH-RIDE.



A DIFFERENCE OF TASTE.

of them by the King of Cotta, Don Juan Dharma Pala, who sent it to Brama, King of Pegu, as a dowry to a girl whom he passed off as his daughter, in order to fulfill a certain prophecy. The King of Kandy, hearing of this, also sent a mission to the King of Pegu, stating that he had purchased the genuine relic from the Portuguese, and that he also had a real daughter, whom his Majesty of Pegu had better take with the "real" tooth. The King of Pegu, however, declined the honor and the tooth, which Sir J. Emerson Tennent, in his work *Ceylon*, states was manufactured by Wikrama Bahu in 1566. This tooth, the *Dalada*, has ever since been jealously guarded at Kandy in a temple situated in the precincts of the palace. The shrine chamber where the relic is kept is exceedingly small, and on the occasion of the Prince's visit was crowded to suffocation—yellow-robed Buddhist priests, elbowing a miscellaneous crowd of unbelieving generals, civil officials, and special correspondents.

The chief Buddhist, of course, acted as showman, and after exhibiting some curious jewelry, among which was the largest known emerald in the world, he slowly and solemnly opened a silver-gilt, bell-shaped shrine, and took out a golden and jeweled casket. From thence he took out another, and then another, like a conjurer performing the interminable box trick, until at last a beautiful little casket, covered with sapphires and emeralds, was reached, which, on being opened, displayed the tooth reposing on the sacred emblem—a gold lotus leaf. The tooth is about one and a half or two inches long, and is believed by the incredulous to be either a piece of discolored ivory or the tooth of a boar or a crocodile. After inspecting the relic and presenting the priests with handsomely bound dictionaries, the party adjourned to another part of the building, where a portion of the sacred books was read or chanted, and two copies presented to the Prince as mementoes of his visit.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STORMY NIGHT.

The Rev. Thomas Hardenow, fellow and tutor of Brasenose, strode into his own room at full speed, and stopped abruptly at sight of the carrier. "Of all men, most I have avoided thee," was in his mind; but he spoke it not, though being a strongly outspoken man. Not that he ever had done any wrong to make him be shy of the Cripps race; but that he felt in his heart a desire for commune, which must be dangerous. He knew that in him lurked a foolish tendency toward Esther; and (which was worse) he knew that she had done her best to overcome a still more foolish turn toward him.

Cripps, however (who would have fed the doves of Venus on black pease), looked upon any little by-gone "coorting" as a social and congenial topic, enabling a quiet man to get on (if he only had a good memory) with almost any woman. Like a sensible man, he had always acquitted Hardenow of any blame in the matter, knowing that young girls' fancies may be caught without any angling. "If her chose to be a fool, how were he to blame for it?" And the carrier never forgot the stages of social distinction. "Servant, Sir," he therefore said, with his usual salam; "hope I see you well, Sir."

"Thank you, Zachary," said Mr. Hardenow, taking the carrier's horny palm (which always smelled of straps and buckles), and trying to squeeze it, with a passive result, "I am pretty well, Zachary, thank you."

"Then you don't look it, Sir, that you doesn't.

We heer'd you was getting on wonderful well. But the proof of the puddin' ain't in you, Sir."

"That's right, Cripps," cried Overshute; "give it to him, Cripps. Why, he starves himself. Ever since he took his first and second, and got his fellowship and took orders, he hasn't known what a good dinner is. He keeps all the fasts in the calendar, and the vigils of the festivals, and he ought to have an appetite for the feasts; but he overstays his time, and can't keep any thing on his stomach."

"Now, Russel, as usual!" Hardenow answered, with a true and pleasant smile; "what a fine fellow you would be, if you only had moderation! But I see that you want to talk to Cripps; and I have several men waiting in the quad. Where is my beaver? Oh! here to be sure. Will you come with us? No, of course you can't. Will you dine in hall with me?"

"Of course I won't. But come you and dine with me on Sunday—the only day you dare eat a bit—and my mother will do her best to strengthen you, build you up, establish you, for a fortnight of macaroni. Will you come?"

"Yes, yes, to-morrow—to be sure—I have many things I want to say to you. Good-by for the present; good-by, Master Cripps."

"There goes one of the finest fellows of all the fine fellows yet ruined by rubbish." With these words Russel Overshute ran to the window and looked out. A dozen or more of young men were waiting, the best under-graduates of the college, for Mr. Hardenow to lead them for fifteen miles, without a word.

"Well, every man to his liking," said Russel; "but that would be about the last of mine. Now, Cripps, most patient of carriers, are you ready for me to go on or not?"

"I hath a' been thinking about my horse. How greedy o' me to be ating like this"—for the thought of so much fasting had made him set to again while he got the chance—"drinking likewise of college ale—better I have tasted, but not often—and all this time, as you might say, old Dobbin easing of his dainty foot, with no more nor a wisp of hay to drag through his water—if he hath any."

"An excruciating picture, Cripps, drawn by too vivid a conscience. Dobbin is as happy as he can be, with twenty-five horses to talk to him. At this very moment I behold him munching choicest of white oats and chaff."

"Your Worship can see through a stone wall, they say; but they only keeps black oats at the 'Cross' just now, along of a contract the landlord have made—and a blind sort of bargain, to my thinking—"

"Never mind that. Let him have black oats, then, or Irish oats, or no oats at all. But do you wish to hear my story out, or will you leave it till next Saturday?"

"Sir, you might a' seen as I was waiting until such time as you plaize to go on wi' 'un."

"Very well, Cripps, that satisfies the most exacting historian. I will go on where I left off, if that point can be established. Well, I left the foreman of the nursery telling me about the man he sent with the bag of potatoes to the Oxford coach. He told me he was one of his sharpest hands, who had been off work for a week or two then, and had only returned that morning. 'Joe Smith' was his name; and when they could get him to work, he would do as much work as any two other men on the place. He might be trusted with any thing, if he only undertook it; but the worst of him was that he never could be got to stick long to any thing. Here to-day and gone to-morrow had always been his character; and they thought that he must be of gypsy race, and perhaps had a wandering family.

"This made me a little curious about the man, and I asked to see him. But the foreman said that for some days now he had not been near the nursery, and they thought that he was on the Oxford road, in the neighborhood of Nettlebed; and another thing—if I did see him, I could not make out more than half he said, for the man had such a defect in his voice that only those who were used to him could be certain of his meaning. Suddenly I thought of your sister's tale, and I said to the foreman, 'Does he speak like this?' imitating as well as I could your sister's imitation of him. 'You know the man, Sir,' the foreman answered; 'you have got him so exactly, that you must have heard him many times.' I told him no more, but asked him to describe Joe Smith's appearance. He answered that he was a tall dark man, loosely built, but powerful, with a stoop in his neck, and a long sharp nose, and he generally wore a brown pointed hat.

"Cripps, you may well suppose that my suspicions were strong by this time. Here was your sister's description—so far as the poor girl could see in the dusk and the fright—confirmed to the very letter; and here was the clear opportunity offered for slipping the wreath of hair into the bag."

"Your Worship, now, your Worship, you be a bit too sharp! If that there man were at Headington quarry at night-fall of the Tuesday, how could he possible a' been to Maidenhead next morning? No, no; your Worship are too sharp."

"Too thick, you mean, Cripps, and not sharp enough. But listen to me for a moment. Those long-legged gypsies think very little of going thirty miles in a night, though they never travel by day so. And then there is the up mail-coach. Of course he would not pay his fare, but he might hang on beneath the guard's bugle, with or without his knowledge, and slip away at the changing-houses. Of that objection I think nothing. It serves to my mind as a confirmation."

"Very well, Sir," said Cripps, discreetly; "who be I for to argify?"

"No, Cripps, of course not. But still I wish to allow you to think of every thing. You may not be right; but still I like you to speak when you think of any thing. That is what I have always said, and contended for continually—let every man speak—when sensible."

"Your Worship hath hit the mark again. The old Squire saith, 'Let no man speak,' as St. Paul sayeth of the women. But your Worship saith, 'Let all men speak, all women likewise, as hath a tongue;' and then you stoppeth us both the more, by restirrecting all on us, women or men, whichever a' may happen, till such time as all turns up sensible. Now there never could ever be such a time!"

"Carrier, you are satirical. Keep from the 'Dusty Anvil,' Cripps. Marry a wife, and you will have a surfeit of argument at home. But still you have been very good on the whole, and you never will get home to-night. At any rate, I was so convinced, in spite of all smaller difficulties, that I bound the foreman to let me know, by a man on horseback, at any expense, the moment he saw Joe Smith again. And his parting words to me were these: 'Well, Sir, don't you think harm of Joe without sure proof against him. He is a random chap, I know; but I never saw a better man to earn his wages.'

"Well, I went back to the inn at once, and rode leisurely to Henley. It was raining hard, and the river in flood with all the melted snow and so on, when I crossed that pretty bridge. I had been trying in vain to think what was the best thing I could do; not liking to go home, and leave my new discovery so vague. But being soaked and chilly now, I resolved to have a glass of something hot, for fear of taking a violent cold, and losing perhaps a week by it. So I went into the entrance of that good inn by the water-side, and called for some brandy-and-water hot. The landlord was good enough to come out; and knowing me from old boating days, he got into a talk with me. I had helped him at the sessions about a house of his at Dorchester; and nothing could exceed his good-will. Remembering how the gypsies hang about the boats and the water-side, I asked him (quite as a random shot) whether any of them happened to be in the neighborhood just now. He thought perhaps that I was timid about my dark ride homeward, and he told me all he knew of them. There was one lot, as usual, in the open ground about Newnham, and another large camp near Chalgrove, and another, quite a small pitch that, on the edge of the firs above Nettlebed.

"This last was the lot for me; and I pressed him so about them, that he looked at me with a peculiar grin. 'What do you mean by that?' I asked. 'Now, Squire Overshute, as if you did not know!' he answered. 'Doth your Worship happen to remember Cinnaminta's name?'

"Cripps, I assure you, I was astonished. Of course you knew Cinnaminta—well, I don't want to be interrupted. No one could say any harm of her; and a lovelier girl was never seen. The landlord had heard some by-gone gossip about Cinnaminta and myself. I did admire her. I am not ashamed to say that I greatly admired her. And so did every young fellow here, who had got a bit of pluck in him. I will not go into that question; but you know what Cinnaminta was."

Cripps nodded, with a thick mixture of feelings. His poetical self had been smitten more with Cinnaminta than he cared to tell; and his practical self was getting into a terrible hubbub about his horse. "To be sure, your Worship," was all he said.

"Very well, now you understand me. To hear of Cinnaminta being in that camp at Nettlebed made me so determined that I laid hold of the landlord by the collar without thinking. He begged me not to ride off with him, or his business would be ruined; and feeling that he weighed about eighteen stone, I left him on his threshold.

"I could not bear to ask him now another word of any thing. Knowing looks, and winks, and reeking jokes so irritate me, when I know that a woman is pure and good. You remember how we all lost Cinnaminta. Three or four score of under-graduates, reckless of parental will, had offered her matrimony; and three or four newly elected fellows were asking whether they would vacate, if they happened to jump the broomstick."

"All that were too fine to last," muttered Cripps, most sensibly. "But her ought to a' had a sound man on the road—a man with a horse well seasoned and a substantial cart—her ought."

"Oh, then, Cripps, you were smitten too! A nice connection for light parcels! Well, never mind. The whole thing is over. We all are sadder and wiser men; but we like to know who the chief sufferer is—what man has won the beauty. And with this in my mind, I rode up the hill, and resolved to go through with my seeking.

"When I got to the end of 'the fair-mile' the night came down in earnest. You know my young horse 'Cantelupe,' freckled like a melon. He knows me as well as my old dog; and a child can ride him. But in the dark he gets often nervous, and jumps across the road if he sees what he does not consider sociable. So that one must watch his ears, whatever the weather may be. And now the weather was as bad as man or horse could be out in.

"All day there had been spits of rain, with sudden puffs of wind, and streaks of green upon the sky, and racing clouds with ragged edges. You remember the weather, of course; Wednesday is one of your Oxford days. Well, I hope you were home before it began to pelt as it did that evening. For myself I did not care one fig. I would rather be drenched than slowly sodden. But I did care for my horse, because he had whistled a little in the afternoon, and his throat is slightly delicate. And the whir of the wind in the hedge, and the way it struck the naked branches back, like the clashing of clubs against the sky, were enough to make even a steady old horse uneasy at the things before him. Moreover, the road began to flash with that peculiar light which comes upward or downward—who can tell?—in reckless tumults of the air and earth. The road was running like a river; come here and go there; like glass it shone with the furious blows of the wind striking a pale gleam out of it. I stooped upon Cantelupe's neck, or the wind would have dashed me back over his crupper.

"Suddenly in this swirl and roar my horse stood steadfast. He spread his fore-legs and stooped his head to throw his balance forward; and his mane (which had been lashing my beard) swished down in a water-fall of hair. I was startled as much as he was, and in the strange light stared about. 'You have better eyes than I have,' I said, 'or else you are a fool, Canty.'

"I thought that he was a fool, until I followed the turn of his head, and there I saw a white thing in the ditch. Something white, or rather of a whity-brown color, was in the trough, with something dark leaning over it. 'Who are you there?' I shouted, and the wind blew my voice back between my teeth.

"'Nort to you, master; nort to you. Go on, and look to your own consarns.'

"This rough reply was in a harsh high cackle, rather than a human voice; but it came through the roar of the tempest clearly, as no common voice could come. For a moment I had a great mind to do exactly as I was ordered. But curiosity, and perhaps some pity for the fellow, stopped me. 'I will not leave you, my friend,' I said, 'until I am sure that I can do no good.' The man was in such trouble that he made no answer which I could hear, so I jumped from my horse, which would come no nearer; and holding the bridle, I went up to see.

"In as sheltered a spot as could be found, but still in a dripping and weltering place, lay, or rather rolled and kicked, a poor child in a most violent fit. 'Don't 'ee now, my little Tom; don't 'ee; that's a deary, don't!' The man kept coaxing and moaning and trying to smooth down little legs and arms. 'Let it have its way,' I said; 'only keep the head well up, and try to put something between the teeth.' Without any answer he did as I bade; and what he put betwixt the teeth must have been his own great thumb. Of course he mistook me for a doctor. None but a doctor was likely to be out riding on so rough a night."

"Ah, how I do pity they poor chaps!" cried Carrier Cripps, who really could not wait one minute longer. "Many a naight I mates 'em a-starting for ten or twenty maile of it, just when I be in the smell o' my supper, and nort but night-cap arterward. Leastways, I mean, arter pipe and hot summat. Your Worship 'll 'scoose me a-breakin' in. But there's half my arrands to do yet, and the sun gone flat on the Radcliffe! The Lord knows if I shall get home to-night. But if I doos—might I make so bold—your Worship be coming to see poor Squire. Your Worship is not like some Worships be—and I has got a rare drop of fine old stuff! Your Worship is not the man to take me crooked. I means no liberty, mind you."

"Of that I am certain," Mr. Overshute answered. "Cripps, your suggestion just hits the mark. I particularly want to see your sister. That was my object in seeking you. And I did not like to see her until you should have had time to prepare her. I have several things to see to here, and then I will ride to Beckley. Mrs. Hookham will give me a bit of dinner, when I have seen my dear friend the Squire. At night, I will come down, and smoke a pipe, and finish my story with you, as soon as I am sure you have had your supper."

"Never you pay no heed at all," said Master Cripps, with solemnity, "to no thought of my zupper, Sir. That be entire what you Worships call a zecondary consideration. However, I will have 'un, if so be I can. And you mustn't goo for to think, Sir, that goo I would now, if stay I could. I goes with that there story, the same as the jog of a cart to the trot of the nag. My wits kapes on a-goin' up and down. But business is a piece of the body, Sir. But no slape for me, nor no church to-morrow, wi'out I hears the last of that there tale."

CHAPTER XX.

CRIPPS DRAWS THE CORK.

Any kind, good-natured person, loving bright simplicity, would have thought it a little treat to look round the carrier's dwelling-room, upon that Saturday evening, when he expected Mr. Overshute. Not that Cripps himself was overtidy or too particular. He was so kindly familiar now with hay, and straw, and bits of string, and chaff, and chips, and promiscuous parcels, that on the whole he preferred a litter to any exertions of broom or brush. But Esther, who ruled the house at home, was the essence of quick neatness, and scorned all comfort, unless it looked—as well as was—right comfortable. And now, expecting so grand a guest, she had tucked up her sleeves, and stirred her pretty arms to no small purpose.

The room was still a kitchen, and she had made no attempt to disguise that much. But what can look better than a kitchen clean and bright and well supplied with the cheery tools of appetite? It was a good-sized room, and very picturesque with snugness. Little corners, in and out, gave play for light and shadow; the fire-place retired far enough to well express itself; and the dresser had brass-handled drawers, that seemed quietly nursing table-cloths. Well, above these, upon lofty hooks, the chronicles of the present generation might be read on cups. Zachary headed the line of course; and then—as Genesis is ignored by grander generations—Exodus, and Leviticus (the fount of much fine movement), and Numbers, and a great many more, showed that the carrier's father and mother had gladly baptized every one.

In front of the fire sat the carrier, with nearly all of his best clothes on, and gazing at a warming-pan. He had been forbidden to eat his supper, for fear of making a smell of it; and he had a great mind to go to bed, and have some hot coals under him. For nearly five miles of up-hill work and laying his shoulder against the spokes he had been promising himself a rare good supper, and a pipe to follow; and now where were they? In the far background. He had no idea of rebellion; still, that saucepan on the simmer made the most provoking movements. Therefore he put up his feet upon a stump of oak (which had for generations cooled down pots), and he turned with a shake of his head toward the fire, and sniffed the sniff of Tantalus, and muttered, "Ah, well! the Lord knoweth best;" and thought to himself that if ever again he invited the quality to his house, he would wait till he had his own quantity first.

Esther was quite in a flutter, although she was ready to deny it stoutly, and to blush a bright red in doing so. To her, of course, Justice Overshute was simply a great man, who must have the chair of state, and the talk of restraint, and a clean dry hearth, and the courtesy, and the best white apron of deference. To her it could make not one jot of difference that Mr. Overshute happened to be the most intimate friend of some other gentleman, who never came near her, except in dreams. Tush! she had the very greatest mind, when the house was clean and tidy, to go and spend the evening with her dear friend Mealy at the "Anvil." But Zachary would not hear of this; and how could she go against Zachary?

So she brought the grand chair, the arm-chair of yew-tree—the tree that used to shade the graves of unrecorded Crippses—a chair of deepest red complexion, countenanced with a cushion. The cushion was but a little pad in the dark capacious hollow, suggesting to an irreverent mind that a lean man had left his hat there, and a fat man had sat down on it. But the mind of every Cripps yet known was strictly reverential; and this was the curule chair, and even the Olympian throne of Crippses.

Russel Overshute knocked at the door in his usual quick and impetuous way. In the main, he was a gentleman; and he would have knocked at a nobleman's door exactly as he did at the carrier's. But all radical theories, fine as they are, detract from gentle practice; and the too large-minded man, while young, takes a flying leap over small niceties. He does not remember that poor men need more deference than rich men, because they are not used to it. To put it more plainly, Overshute knocked hard, and meant no harm by it.

"Come in, Sir, and kindly welcome," Cripps began, as he showed him in. "Plaize to take this chair, your Worship. Never mind your boots. Lor' bless us, the mud of three counties cometh here."

"Then it goes away again very quickly! Miss Cripps, how are you? May I shake hands?"

Esther, who had been shrinking into the shade of the clock and the dresser, came forward with a brave bright blush, and offered her hand, as a lady might. Russel Overshute took it kindly, and bowed to her courtesy, and smiled at her. In an honest, manly way he admired pretty Esther.

"Master Cripps, you are too bad; and your sister in the conspiracy too! I do believe that your mind is set to make me as tipsy as a king to-night."

"They little things," said the carrier, pointing to the old oak table, where a bottle of grand old whisky shone with the reflected gleam of lemons, and glasses danced in the fire-light—"they little things, Sir, was never set for so good a gentleman afore, nor a one to do such honor to 'un. But they might be worse, Sir; they might be worse, to spake their simple due of 'un. And how is poor Squire to-night, your Worship?"

"Well, he is about as usual. Nothing seems to move him much. He sits in his old chair and listens for a step that never comes. But his patience is wonderful. It ought to be a lesson to us; and I hope it has been one to me. He trusts in the Lord, Cripps, as strongly as ever. I fear I should have given up that long ago, if I were laid on my back as he is."

"Young folk," answered Cripps, as he drew the cork—"meaning no disrespect to you, Sir—when they encounters trouble, is like a young horse a-coming to the foot of a hill for the fust time wi' a heavy load. He feeleth the collar beginning to press, and he tosseth his head, and that maketh 'un worse. He beginneth to get into fret and fume, and he shaketh his legs with anger, and he turneth his head and foameth a bit, and champeth, to ax the maning o' it. And then you can judge what the stuff of him is. If he be bad stuff, he throweth him back, and tilteth up his loins, and spraddleth. But if he hath good stuff, he throweth out his chest, and putteth the fire into his eyes, and closeth his nostrils, and gathereth his legs, and straineth his muscles like a bow-string. But be he as good as a' wool, he longeth to see over the top of that there hill afore he be half-way up it."

"Well, Cripps, I have done that, I confess. I have longed to see over the top of the hill; and Heaven only knows where that top is. But as sure as we sit here and drink this glass of punch to your sister's health, and to yours, good carrier, so surely shall our dear old friend receive the reward of his faith and courage; whether in this world or the next."

"Thank 'ee kindly, Sir. Etty, is that the best sort of curtsy they teaches now? Now don't blush, child, but make a betterer. But as to what your Worship was a-saying of, I virtually hopes a' may come to pass in this world we be living in. Otherwise, maybe, us never may know on it, the kingdom of Heaven being such a size."

"Cripps, I believe it will be in this world. And I hope that I am on the straight road now toward making out some part of it. You have told your sister all I told you at Brasenose this morning, according to my directions? Very well, then; I may begin again at the point where I left off with you. Where did I break it? I almost forget."

"With the man's big thumb in the mouth of the cheeld, while you was a-looking at him, Sir; and the wind and the rain blowing furious."

"Ah, yes, I remember; and so they were. I thought that the crest of the hedge would fall over and bury the whole of us out of the way. And when the poor boy had kicked out his convulsions and fallen into a senseless sleep, the rough man turned on me savagely, as if I could have prevented it. 'A pretty doctor you be!' he exclaimed. But I took the upper hand of him. 'Stand back there!' I said; and I lifted the child (expecting him to strike me all the while) and placed the poor little fellow on my horse, and managed to get up into my saddle before the wind blew him off again. 'Now lead the way to your home,' I said. And muttering something, he set off.

"He strode along at such a pace that, having to manage both child and horse, it was all I could do to keep up with him. But I kept him in sight till he came to a common; and there he struck sharply away to the right. By the light of the wind and the rain, and a star that twinkled where the storm was lifting, I followed him perhaps for half a mile through a narrow track, in and out furze and bramble. At last he turned suddenly round a corner, and a shadow fell behind him—his own shadow thrown by a gusty gleam of fire. Cantelupe—that is my horse, Miss Esther—has not learned to stand fire yet, and he shied at the light, and set off through the furze as if with the hounds in full cry before him. We were very lucky not to break our necks, going headlong in the dark among rabbit-holes. I thought that I must have dropped the child, as the best thing to be done for him; but the shaking revived him, and he clung to me.

"I got my horse under command at last; but we must have gone half a mile any where, and to find the way back seemed a hopeless task. But the quick-witted people (who knew what had happened, and what was likely to come of it) saved me miles of roundabout by a very simple expedient. They hoisted from time to time a torch of dry furze blazing upon a pole; and though the light flared and went out on the wind, by the quick repetition they guided me. In the cold and the wet, it rejoiced my heart to think of a good fire somewhere."

"Etty, stir the fire up," the hospitable Cripps interrupted. "His Worship hath shivers to think of it. When a man or, beg pardon, a gentleman, feeleth the small of his back go creeping, he needeth good fire to come up his legs, and a hot summat to go down him. Etty, be quick with the water now."

"Cripps, Cripps, Carrier Cripps, do you want to have me spilled on the road to-night? I am trying to tell things in proper order. But how can I do it, if you go on so? However, as I was beginning to say, Cantelupe and the child and I fetched back to the place at last, where the flash of light had started us. And we saw, not a flash, but a glow this time, a steadfast body of cheerful fire, with pots and caldrons over it. So well had the spot been chosen, in the lee of ground and growth, that the ash of the fire lay round the embers as still as the beard of an oyster; while thicket and tree but a few yards off were threshing in the wind and wailing. Behind this fire, and under a rick-cloth sloping from a sandstone crest, women and children, and one or two men, sat as happy and snug as could be: dry, and warm, and ready for supper, and pleased with the wind and the rain outside, which improved their comfort and appetite. And now and then the children seemed to be pulling at an important woman, to hurry her, perhaps, in her cookery.

"But while I was watching them, keeping my horse on the verge of light and shadow, a woman, quite different from the rest, came out of the darkness after me. Heedless of weather, and reckless of self, she had been seeking for me, or rather for my little burden. Her hair was steeped with the drenching rain, for she wore no hat or bonnet; and her dark clothes hung on the lines of her figure as women hate to let them do. Her eyes and face I could not see because of the way the light fell; but I seemed to know her none the less.

"While I gazed in doubt, my little fellow slipped like an eel from my clasp and the saddle; and almost before I could tell where he was—there he was in the arms of his mother! Wonders of love now began to go on, and it struck me that I was one too many in a scene of that sort; and I turned my good horse, to be off and away. But the woman called out, and a man laid hold of my bridle, and took his hat off when, with the usual impulse of a stopped Briton, I was going to strike at him. I saw that it was my good friend of the ditch, and I came to parley with him.

"What with his scarcity of manners, and of polished language, and, worst of all, his want of palate, I found it hard, with so much wind blowing out here all around us, to understand his meaning. This was rude of me to the last degree, for the queerly voiced man was doing no less than inviting me, with all his heart, to an uncommonly good dinner!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Behm and Wagner have published their annual review of the population of the globe, in which they give many new and important data, and especially a new and complete measurement of the areas of the inhabited earth and the density of the populations. From the volume issued by them as a supplementary number to Petermann's *Mittheilungen* we can take only the following figures, which give the areas and populations of the greater sections of the earth: For Europe, the area is 2,700,000 square miles; population, 303,000,000. Asia, 13,000,000 square miles, and population 799,000,000. Africa, 8,700,000 square miles; population, 206,000,000. America, 12,000,000 square miles; population, 84,000,000. Australia and Polynesia, 2,500,000 square miles; population, 4,500,000.

We have already referred in our columns to the expedition of the *Proven* to the mouth of the Yenisei River, and to the leaving of the vessel by Professor Nordenskjöld for a journey into the interior of Siberia and a return by that route. Fuller particulars of this latter part of his journey have come to hand, from which we learn that on the 19th of August Professor Nordenskjöld, accompanied by Lundström, the botanist, and Struxberg, the zoologist, and three men, starting in a small boat constructed in Norway for the purpose, after sailing two hours through the islands lying at the mouth of the Yenisei, reached Cape Schaitanskoi, where they obtained the most northern specimens yet collected of land and fresh-water mollusks.

In the village of Simovie they found the most northern settlement on the Yenisei. On the 20th of August, while still within the region much to the north of the arctic circle, vegetation was found to be very abundant, and great astonishment was created by the discovery of extensive virgin forests and a rich prairie country, in fertility equal to that of the best portion of Scania, and much greater in extent. Indeed, Professor Nordenskjöld does not hesitate to characterize these forests as the finest and most magnificent in the Old World. To the south of this forest region were plains free from stones, and possessing a most fertile soil.

Passing the villages of Tomsk and Omsk, Professor Nordenskjöld reached St. Petersburg on the 27th of November, which he expected to leave in a short time for Stockholm.

In addition to the Summer School of Geology which the authorities of Cornell University have proposed, we have their announcement of a Summer School of Zoology, to be held under the auspices of the university, with the aid of Professor W. S. Barnard, in the department of the invertebrates, with the exception of the insects and crustacea, which will be in charge of Mr. J. S. Comstock, while Dr. Elliott Coues will attend to the birds, and Professor B. G. Wilder to the remaining vertebrates.

The session will commence on the 7th of July and close on the 17th of August, and include thirty-six day lectures and elaborate exercises, with nine evening lectures. The labors will be systematic, and one group will be completed before the other is commenced.

Many of the most successful efforts in fish culture have been those looking toward the transfer to Australia and New Zealand, and the increase in their waters, of sundry European fish, the English trout and the tench having multiplied from eggs carried thither in the most astonishing manner—to such an extent, indeed, that very few native fresh-water fish are to be compared with them in point of abundance and utility. While the salmon also has received its due share of attention, so far it has been without success. Doubtful cases of salmon seen jumping in the Derwent and other rivers have been reported, but no one has proved actually and unquestionably a salmon. Several supposed specimens of grilse sent to England, after criticism by Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, proved to be merely large trout.

Several of the earlier efforts in shipping salmon eggs from England were successful, and the young were hatched out and placed in the waters; but later experiments have all failed, notably that of the ship *Oberon*, which carried out a large number packed in ice, but which were found to be dead on the arrival of the vessel.

Quite naturally the attention of persons in Australia and New Zealand interested in the solution of this problem was drawn to the existence of the California salmon—a species within easy reach and belonging to Pacific waters, and one which by its habits is able to resist extremes of heat and cold, and thus possessing advantages for this experiment over its European analogue. Application having been made during the past summer by Mr. James Koeding, of San Francisco, to the United States Fish Commissioner, in behalf of correspondents in Australia and New Zealand, Mr. Livingston Stone was directed to furnish a supply of salmon eggs from the establishment on the M'Cloud River. Information has just been received that the eggs sent to Sydney reached their destination in excellent order, and were at once placed in the hatching boxes of the Australian Acclimatizing Society. The indications are that a very large number of these will be hatched, and become the progenitors of a new race of fishes in the Southern seas. Part of the consignment was forwarded to New Zealand without ice, and, as might have been expected, was lost on the route.

The annual report of the Librarian of Congress for 1875 has just been published, and exhibits a large increase in the resources of the national library. The report for 1874 gave 274,157 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets. Since then there have been received, up to the 31st of December, 1875, 19,350 volumes, and 7372 parts of volumes and pamphlets. Of these, 1425 volumes and 1985 parts of volumes were received from the Smithsonian Institution. The library contains of pamphlets not enumerated, over 60,000 titles.

Of the books during the year, 7654 were obtained by purchase and 8062 by copyright, the remainder coming from the Smithsonian Institution and from exchanges. The copyright business for 1875 exhibited a steady increase of entries, the actual number of all classes being 15,927, exclusive of prints and labels used for manufactured articles, which are now entered at the Patent Office. The cash receipts on the copyright account amounted to $13,151.

Mr. Spofford, the able Librarian, again urges upon Congress the importance of a building for the accommodation of the library, remarking that at present every shelf, alcove, and portion of floor is completely covered, so as to render it almost impossible to examine the books, and the examination of many periodicals and files of newspapers is rendered practically impossible by this state of things, which is becoming worse and worse every year, and can only be remedied by the measure recommended. He thinks that the erection of a separate building is absolutely necessary, the proposed extension of the present apartments being entirely inadequate even to meet the present emergency, and much more to provide for the future. He also calls attention to the fact that all the library rooms cover a space of 11,600 square feet, while the British Museum has 110,000 square feet for books alone. In reference to the catalogues of the library, Mr. Spofford remarks that the new general catalogue, containing titles of 300,000 volumes, will be published during 1876.

Much progress has also been made, according to Mr. Spofford, in the preparation of the index to the debates and laws of Congress, for which two additional assistants were specially provided, and about two hundred volumes have already been completed. He suggests that the offer of the authorities of the Public Library of Boston to allow the use in this connection of an index of a similar character, which has already been prepared by that institution, be accepted, to be extended and verified as the case may be necessary. This will save much time and expense in completing the work. Mr. Spofford, however, thinks that the same index should include that of the debates of Congress and the statutes of that body, and that the whole should be brought up to the Centennial year. The importance of such an index in facilitating legislation he thinks can not be overestimated.

We have already referred to the death of Professor Kopp, and now give some additional particulars which have since reached us. His death occurred on the 30th of November, at the age of fifty-nine. He was an Alsacian by birth, and held a professorship in the University of Strasburg previous to 1848. After various changes, he ultimately assumed the chair of chemistry in the Polytechnic School of Zurich. He was well known not only as a chemist, but as writer of the history and progress of the coal-tar colors, and from his association with Professor Hoffmann in the report on the chemical products and processes of the International Exhibition of 1862.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

Sunday,	20.—Sexagesima.
Thursday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	27.—Quinquagesima.

MARCH.

Wednesday	1.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday,	5.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	12.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	19.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Saturday,	25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday,	26.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

The labors of Messrs. Whittle and Bliss in St. Louis meet with much favor. The St. Louis *Presbyterian* thus speaks of them: "Plain, unassuming men of very moderate education, they have power in that they exalt Christ. They cut no capers and abjure sensationalism, and thus far nothing in violation of the strictest decorum has occurred in their public meetings. Mr. Whittle is a rapid talker who makes no attempt at rhetoric or oratory, but is brimful of Scripture, in the interpretation and application of which he is impressive, and in the main correct. Mr. Bliss is a pleasant, sensible speaker, as well as a wonderfully sweet singer. He is to be envied for his musical gift, and the heart to use it for the Master. His strong, firm voice of large compass makes melody indeed, and his articulation is so distinct as to render his part of the exercise edifying in the highest degree."

The New England correspondent of the *Northwestern Advocate* gives a fuller account of the life of the forger, Rev. Ezra D. Winslow, than has appeared elsewhere. Winslow studied at the Concord Biblical Institute, New Hampshire, and entered the Methodist ministry in 1860. During the war he served as an army and navy chaplain, and was for a time on the flag-ship *Lancaster*, of the Pacific squadron. While at San Francisco he speculated in stocks, it was reported, very successfully. From 1868 to 1871 he was publisher of the *Zion's Herald*, Boston. In the spring of 1875 he was dropped by the New England Methodist Conference from its roll, on the ground that, though in good health, he would not take a pastoral appointment. From this time he was ranked as a local minister.

On the 3d day of February Cardinal Ledochowski was released from his prison, the fortress of Ostrowo. Many of his friends, among them members of the Polish nobility, were assembled to offer him their congratulations. He left Ostrowo immediately, and at last accounts was at Berlin.

A clergyman signing himself *Presbyter Anglicanus* has addressed a public letter to Archbishop Manning, in which he proposes a connection with the Church of Rome for himself and other advanced ritualists. His plan is substantially that of an affiliated Church, acknowledging the Pope's spiritual headship, and accepting Roman Catholic discipline. It is said that Cardinal Manning has gone to Rome to submit the scheme to the Congregation of Sacred Rites.

The Rev. A. B. Earle has been preaching of late in St. John, New Brunswick—the local papers say with great success. Mr. Hammond is in York, Pennsylvania.

The Louisiana Methodist Episcopal Conference and Lay Convention, at their recent sessions, adopted a resolution asking for the election of a colored bishop by the General Conference, which meets in Baltimore on the 1st of May next.

The repeal of the Gray Nuns Act (or, more properly, the amendment of 1875) is a subject for general congratulation. In the Lower House the repealing bill passed by a vote of 103 to 4, and in the Senate by a vote of all the Senators present. So in less than one year its short life has ended. Its passage by stealth is evidence that our system of free schools will never be safe till it is protected by a suitable article in either the State or the national Constitution.

At the annual meeting of the United States branch of the Evangelical Alliance, held on the last Monday of January, a resolution was adopted commending to the Philadelphia Alliance the expediency of special religious services during the period of the International Exhibition. The Hon. William E. Dodge was re-elected president, and the Rev. Drs. Schaff and Prime corresponding secretaries.

The appeal in the Keet case has been decided in favor of Mr. Keet and all other Dissenting ministers, the court of last appeal holding that the title "Reverend" has no official significance.

The Christian Temperance Union, of Boston, has invited the ministers of every name in New England to a Temperance Conference to be held in that city March 15 and 16. It will continue in session for two days, and will consider numerous topics relating to the Christian aspects of temperance.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges, now the last Thursday of January, was observed in this city by special services. Sermons were preached in the chapels of the New York University and Rutgers Female College. A general meeting was held in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church.

Archbishop Lynch, of the diocese of Toronto, Upper Canada, has written a letter to the Premier of the Dominion, in which he disclaims for his order and the priests all purpose of interfering in public elections. "Priests may, of course," he says, "instruct their people on the conscientious obligation of voting for the candidate who they judge will best promote the interests of the country, of taking no bribes, and of conducting themselves at the elections in a loyal and peaceable manner; but they are not to say to the people from the altar that they are to vote for this candidate and reject the other ....The Catholic Church asks only that her people be put under no unjust restraint or ban."

If we understand the archbishop, he means to assert that, beyond the general instruction of their flocks in their duties as citizens, the priests have nothing to do with elections. He does not agree with Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, who, in the pastoral cited in this Intelligence June 26, 1875, says: "Yes, truly, those men do not deserve your confidence who show themselves hostile to religion and the divine principles which it teaches; who advance and support in their speeches and their writings errors which the Church condemns;....who wish the Church to be separated from the state; who support propositions condemned by the *Syllabus;* who spurn all intervention by the Pope, by bishops, by priests, in the affairs of governments;....who dare to teach that the Church has nothing to do with political matters; *who criticise commands and missives from bishops and instructions from pastors in regard to elections,*" etc.

Remembering the claim *semper idem*, it may be that the difference between Archbishop Lynch and his neighbor Bourget is merely that one is disguised and the other open. Judged, however, by the ordinary rules for construing language, they wholly disagree. Or are we to believe that the Roman Catholic episcopate is Janus-faced, that it has one voice for war and another for piping the soft notes of peace?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At a young ladies' seminary recently, during an examination in history, one of the not most promising pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

Molière was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and can not marry before eighteen. "It is," answered Molière, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

What is that which goes when a wagon goes, stops when the wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet that which the wagon can not go without?—Noise.

A young gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglis."

A cockney gentleman stepped up to give his testimony: "There was a vast cwowd gittin' about 'im, hand one said the man was killed, hand hanother said the same; hand I hexclaimed, with a loud voice, 'Hif the man is killed, why don't you stand back hand give 'im a little hair?'"

A Tale of Woe.—I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me; the tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said, "Confound you, let me go!"

There is a class of people who ask you why you "don't" come to their house, but never say "do." They are nearly related to the gentleman who has always got "a bill to take up" whenever you wish to effect a small loan from him.

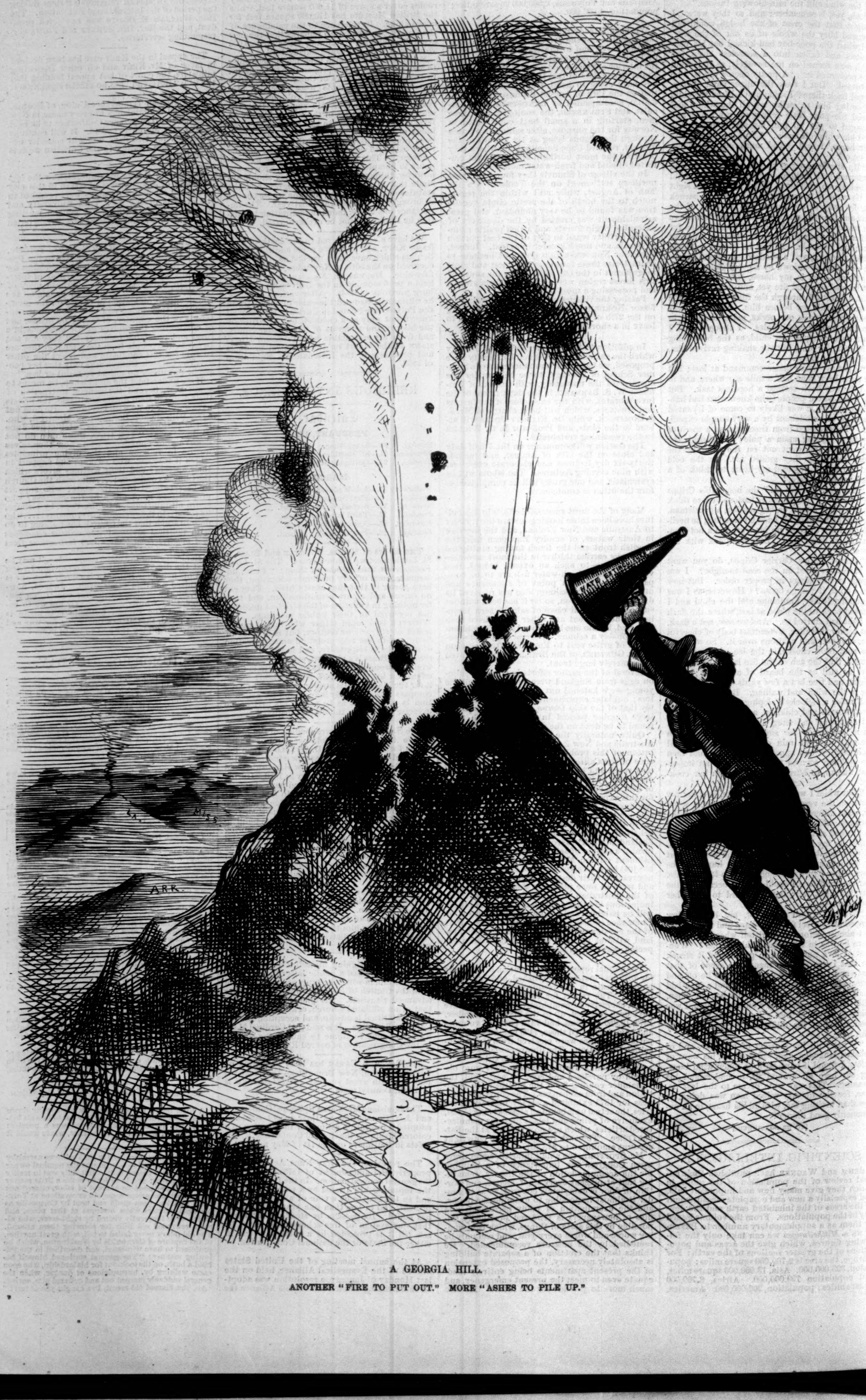
If an old woman in a red cloak were to overtake a fierce ram in a narrow lane, what transformation would take place?—The ram would turn to butter (butt her), and the old woman into a scarlet runner.

It is said there are 400,000 feathers upon the wing of a silk-worm moth, and that any one doubting the truth of the statement can easily satisfy himself by counting them.

Auctioneers are generally of a *mor-bid* disposition.

A little boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I was to lose my balance, where would it go to?"

Some years ago there lived in old Yorktown a wealthy gentleman, Colonel ——, who was the nominal owner of an old negro named Billy. But Billy was in reality his own master; and in order to make a little money with the least possible amount of labor, cleared out the rubbish and swept some old excavations at Yorktown that had been made and used by Cornwallis as his head-quarters when besieged at that place, and which were frequently visited by sight-seers, who always rewarded old Billy for showing them around. The old fellow never failed to tell, with great unction, of the capture of Cornwallis by Washington, which he professed to have witnessed, and described in the following manner: "The general stationed himself behind a bush, on the look-out for his lordship, who soon came walking by, unsuspicious of danger, when the general suddenly jumped out and collared him, saying, 'Ah, you blamed old rascal, I've caught you at last!'"



HATE EXTINGUISHER
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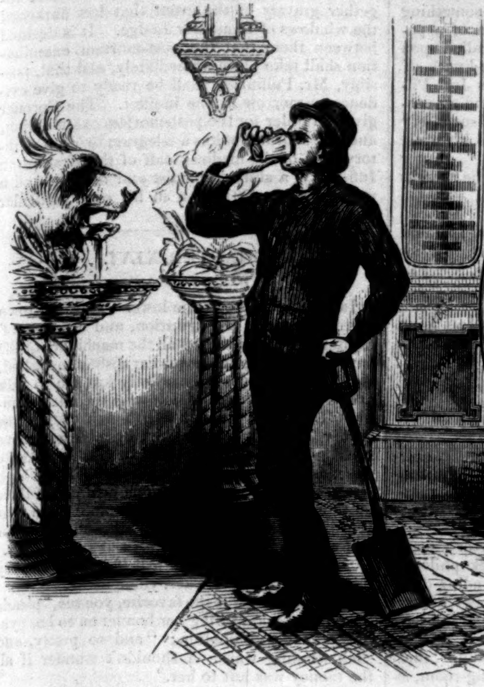
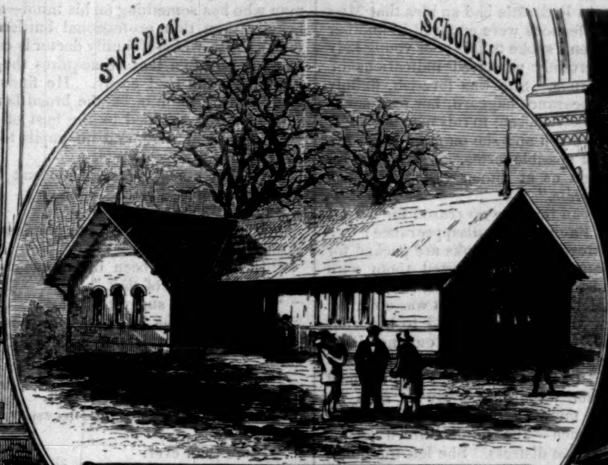
A GEORGIA HILL.

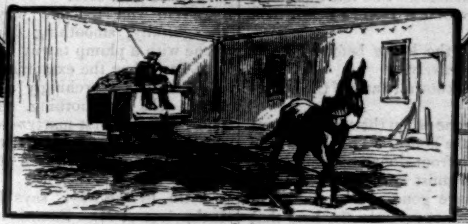
ANOTHER "FIRE TO PUT OUT." MORE "ASHES TO PILE UP."

SCENES IN THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 154.]



DRINKING FOUNTAIN, HORTICULTURAL HALL.





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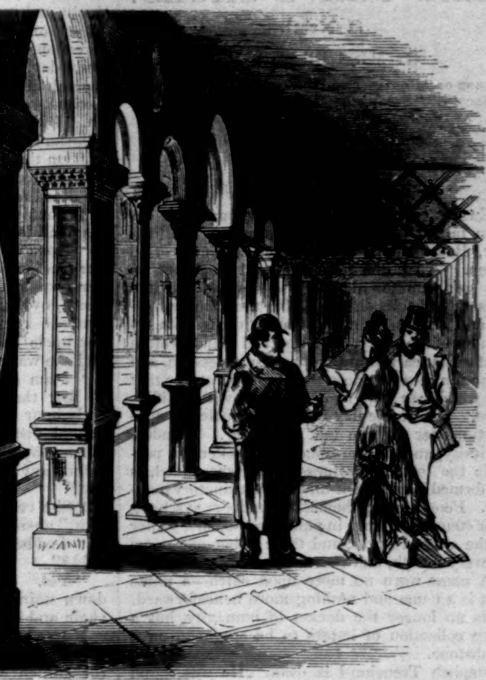
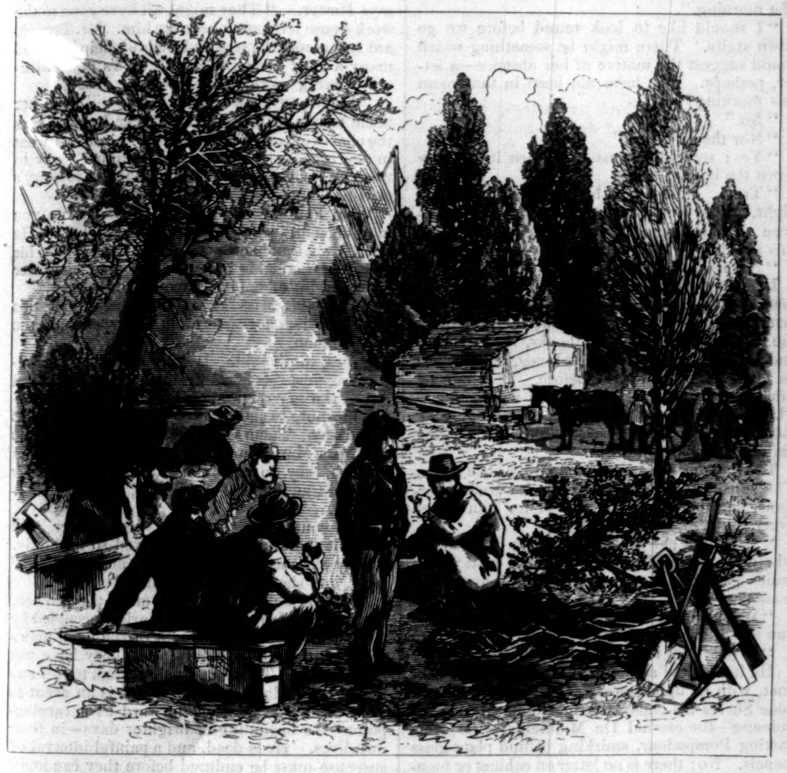
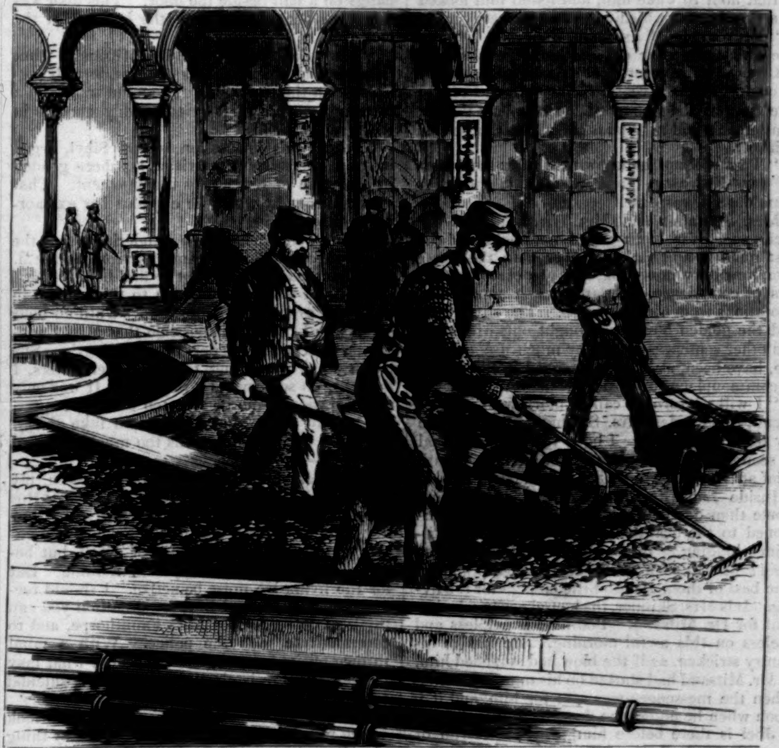


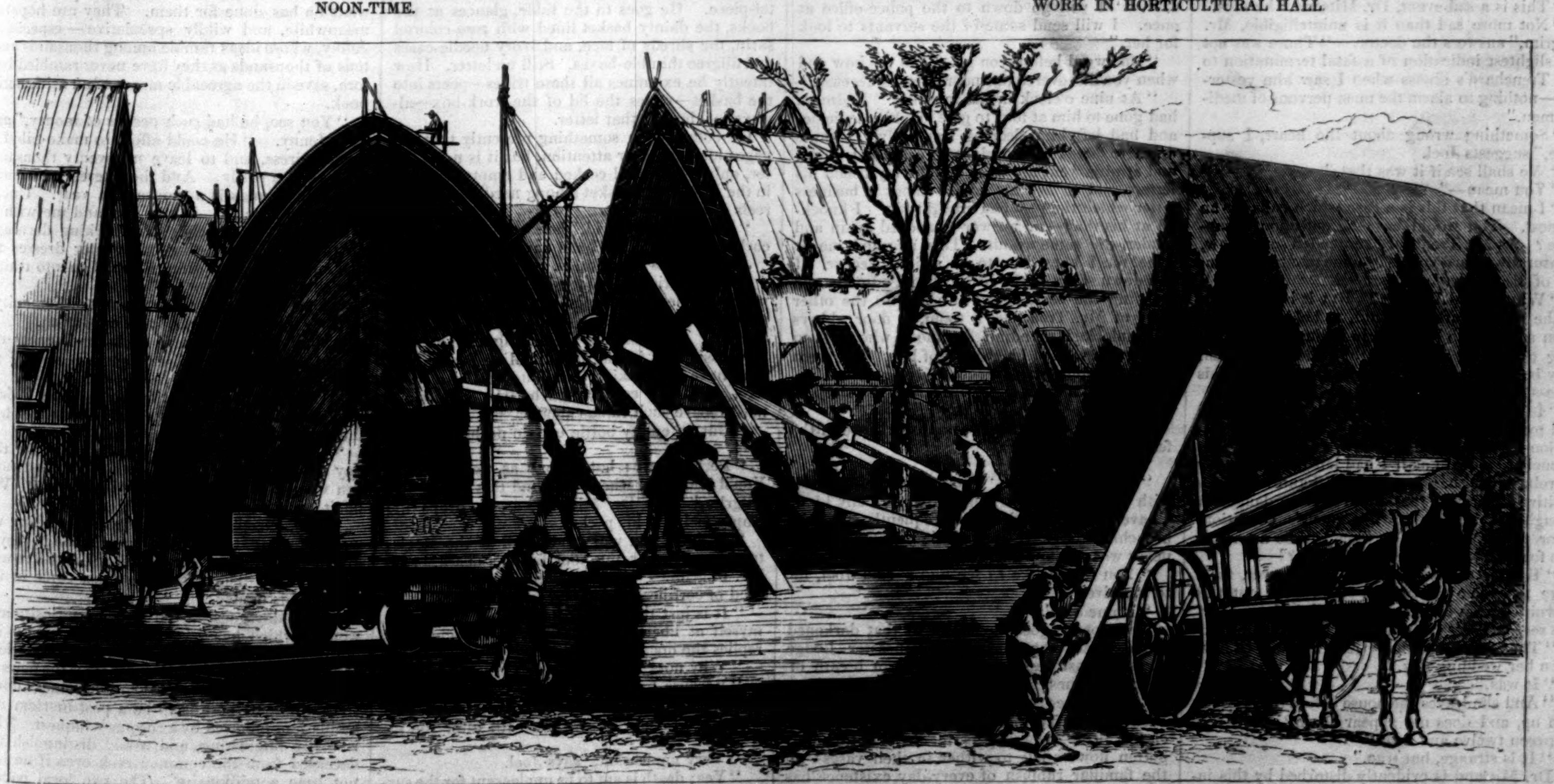
CORRIDOR, HORTICULTURAL HALL.



NOON-TIME.



WORK IN HORTICULTURAL HALL.



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE PASSING-BELL.

Early on that Saturday morning which has been talked of as Sibyl Faunthorpe's wedding-day, Redcastle is disturbed by a sound of ill omen. No blithe marriage peal rings out on the soft summer air, but the slow and solemn passing-bell tolls dismally from the minster tower, and strikes on every heart with its grim reminder of mortality. Let that bell sound as often as it will, it carries always the same message, and something less or more than mortal must be that ear which can hear its direful note with indifference. Before the day is old, Redcastle has subject-matter for the talk of a year. Wonder, curiosity, and an atmosphere of excitement pervade the town. Business, if not suspended, is performed in an absent-minded, perfunctory manner. People group themselves in doorways, hang over counters, lounge in public-house bars, gather at the street corners, and there is but one name in every mouth, and that name is Trenchard.

A name worn no more upon earth—a name that is a name and nothing more henceforward. It is no longer the docket of humanity, but a mere collection of letters to be engraven on a tombstone.

Stephen Trenchard is dead. He was found dead in his bed at nine o'clock this morning by the expectant bridegroom, who went to his room at that hour to wake him, and found him locked in a slumber for which earth has no key.

"Very sudden!" exclaims Redcastle. "We knew that the dear old gentleman was ailing, but we did not expect this. At his age, though, of course, life is precarious, the thread, worn to attenuation, easily snapped. How about the old gentleman's will? And is Miss Faunthorpe sole heiress?"

"That will not be known till after the funeral," says Redcastle, "and we must languish for some days in suspense."

Mrs. Stormont and Mrs. Groshen send out their pages for black-edged note-paper of the best quality, and rather deeper than the usual complimentary mourning, and pen elaborate letters of condolence, interlarded with appropriate quotations from the Scriptures. The silver cord and the golden bowl are brought out, with various other sentences which, by much use, or misuse, have been, as it were, dragged in the gutter of commonplace composition.

"I will venture to call to-morrow, my sweet friend," concludes Mrs. Stormont, "to mingle my tears with yours. I hope you will feel equal to seeing me. Poor Fred is broken down with grief at the thought of what you must suffer."

Inside Lancaster Lodge there is confusion worse than death. Dr. Mitsand has been summoned to the death-chamber—not at Joel Pilgrim's bidding. What can a doctor do for the dead? Mr. Pilgrim has asked, contemptuously. The best of them can do little enough for the living. It is Mrs. Skinner, the housekeeper, who has sent for Dr. Mitsand. Podmore is helpless and useless on this awful morning. He sits in his pantry stricken, as if the blow had stupefied him.

Dr. Mitsand had started on his morning rounds when the messenger was sent for him, and it is noon when he enters the death-chamber.

Joel is there before him, grave, sorrowful of countenance, but tranquil.

"This is a sad event, Dr. Mitsand," he says.

"Not more sad than it is unintelligible, Mr. Pilgrim," answers the doctor. "There was not the slightest indication of a fatal termination to Mr. Trenchard's illness when I saw him yesterday—nothing to alarm the most nervous of medical men."

"Something wrong about the heart, I suppose," suggests Joel.

"We shall see if it was that."

"You mean—"

"I mean that this is a case which calls for an inquest. You would have no objection, I suppose? As Mr. Trenchard's intended son-in-law, I naturally regard you as in some manner a member of his family."

"Why should I object? But it is rather out of the usual course, is it not, to hold an inquest upon a man who has been in failing health for a long time, and whose death, although sudden, may be taken as the natural termination of his illness?"

"I beg your pardon. Death comes too soon and too suddenly to be taken as a natural termination here. I am as much surprised at Mr. Trenchard's death as if I had left him yesterday in robust health. I gave Miss Faunthorpe my positive assurance that there was no danger or thought of danger in her uncle's condition. Poor young lady! The blow will be a terrible one for her. How does she bear it?"

"That is a question I can not answer, for I have not seen her to-day. She went out this morning before breakfast—indeed, before any of the servants were up—and has not come in yet."

"That is very strange. And this was to have been her wedding-day."

"It was."

"And she leaves the house before the servants are up, and does not appear again? It is now between twelve and one."

"It is strange, but true."

Dr. Mitsand is evidently disturbed by this intelligence.

"Pardon me, Mr. Pilgrim, if I say something not quite agreeable to you," he says, after a pause. "But was there no coercion used on the subject of this marriage? It was arranged rather suddenly, and we in Redcastle had an idea that Miss Faunthorpe's affections were engaged in another direction. When I spoke to this poor young lady yesterday, I certainly perceived indications of mental disturbance. She was feverish, unduly excited, her appearance haggard, her eyes sunken. Did she freely consent to this marriage, Mr. Pilgrim? Were you and she on good terms?"

"On the best possible terms. Ask Podmore, who waited upon us at dinner yesterday, when we dined *tête-à-tête*."

"Then you can imagine no reason for what I may call Miss Faunthorpe's disappearance?"

"None whatever. Her trunks are packed for our Indian journey. She directed them with her own hands. I do not say that the alliance was a love match on her part, as it was on mine. But she knew that I was devoted to her, that her uncle had set his heart upon our marriage, and she was quite reconciled to the idea."

"I am glad to hear that; for I was inclined to fear that her wandering away at such an early hour this morning might be the result of mental disturbance—the mind thrown off its balance by extreme distress. She left the house before any one knew of her uncle's death, you say?"

"She certainly left the house before I knew of it," answers Joel, gravely.

"And before it was known to any of the household?"

"Yes. She was gone when the servants went down stairs to open the house. They found the chain and bolts of the front-door unfastened."

"The lodge-keeper must have let her out."

"No; she must have gone out by a door in the garden wall which opens into the lane that divides Sir John Boldero's grounds from these. The door is locked on the inside, and the key hangs on a nail beside the door. This door was found to be unlocked and the key left in the lock."

"Very deliberate," says Dr. Mitsand; "but lunatics and sleep-walkers are wonderfully deliberate in their actions. The mind travels in a certain groove, but it goes steadily enough in that groove."

The doctor's impression is that Sibyl, urged into an uncongenial marriage, has been goaded into a state of temporary derangement. That is the theory by which he explains her extraordinary absence.

"This poor girl may be wandering about the country," he exclaims, "and may come to harm. Have you made no attempt to find her?"

"No. I have had enough to think about in the awful event of this morning. Until an hour or so ago I thought it possible that Miss Faunthorpe had gone to her uncle Robert's. She might have something to say to her sisters, I thought, on so eventful a morning. It was only when Marion came here at ten o'clock, expecting to find Sibyl, that I began to take alarm. And even then my mind was too much occupied to realize—"

"I understand. I sympathize with you, my dear Sir," cries the good-natured doctor. "But I feel really concerned for this poor girl. For the dead we can do but little. Science will enable us to establish the cause of death, but beyond that last duty there is, alas! nothing. But for the living we must be active. I should recommend you to send in every direction you can think of to search for Miss Faunthorpe, and to communicate with the police. With a mind thrown off its balance, one knows not what may happen. There is always the fear of a suicidal tendency."

"True," says Joel Pilgrim, with a dark look which may mean fear, love, anxiety, or any thing else, but which certainly indicates a mind ill at ease. "I will go down to the police-office at once. I will send some of the servants to look for her."

"One word before you go. Tell me how and when you discovered our poor friend's decease."

"At nine o'clock in the morning. Podmore had gone to him at four to give him his medicine, and had left him sleeping tranquilly. I came down to breakfast at eight, breakfasted alone, and at nine went up stairs to take my friend his letters, and to ask his advice about a business letter which the post had brought me. I knocked at his door—no answer—knocked again and louder, the same result. This alarmed me at once, for I knew him to be a light sleeper. I ran down stairs to the hall, called Podmore, and went up the back stairs with him to the other door of Mr. Trenchard's room, a door always left unlocked to admit Podmore, who, as you know, has valeted his master of late. We went in, and found Mr. Trenchard lying to all appearance in a quiet sleep, but it was the sleep of death."

"No sign of a struggle, no disturbance of the features?"

"None."

"Very mysterious. There was nothing amiss with the heart; no organic disease of any kind. I have used the stethoscope frequently since the bronchial tubes have been a little irritated. There never was a sounder organization."

"You would like to see him?" said Joel, interrogatively.

"Immediately."

The doctor goes up stairs to that darkened room, where the master of Lancaster Lodge takes his last rest amidst the warm breath of roses and limes. Every chair and table has been set in its place; every fold of drapery straightened by careful, methodical hands; every species of litter—newspapers, medicine bottles, forgotten flowers left to wither in their vases—all the familiar rubbish of every-day existence has been cleared away—the chamber is funereal as death itself—mathematically exact as the tomb.

Dr. Mitsand goes in alone, and remains there for about ten minutes. He comes out again looking very grave—nay, even troubled, like a man who has something on his mind—something heavier than that professional burden of a patient's death which a family doctor is called upon to carry so often that he acquires the knack of supporting his load easily. He finds Joel Pilgrim waiting for him on the broad landing outside—landing glorified by the bust of somebody with a sunken nose, and no pupils to his eyes, staring steadily into space.

"He looks very peaceful, doesn't he?" asks Joel, in a subdued voice.

"Very."

"His end must have been painless, I should think."

"It must have been instantaneous, Mr. Pilgrim. I am sure of that."

"The heart?" suggests Joel.

"No, Sir. The heart was as sound as mine—or sounder. It is not a case of heart-disease."

"Of what, then?"

"The inquest will tell us that."

"You still hold to the necessity of an inquest?"

"More than ever."

"Will you tell me why?" Joel inquires, thoughtfully, smoothing down his silky mustache with a plump tawny hand.

"Yes, when the examination is over."

Joel looks searchingly at the doctor's face, but it tells him nothing. The Greek philosopher—Truth's first martyr—on the landing does not present a more complete blankness of expression than Dr. Mitsand offers to Joel's observation.

"Oh, by-the-way," says Dr. Mitsand, "that is the door of Miss Faunthorpe's sitting-room, is it not?"

"Yes. That is the room she generally uses of a morning."

"I should like to look round before we go down stairs. There might be something which would suggest the motive of her absence—a letter, perhaps. You have not been in that room this morning?"

"No."

"Nor the servants?"

"Yes; some one must have been in to draw down the blinds."

"True. Unless the blinds were down last night. They would be, most likely. But I suppose the house-maid would arrange the room this morning in the common course of things?"

"Naturally."

Dr. Mitsand opens the door and goes in, followed by Joel. The room has been dusted and arranged by the house-maid, but the table near the window, covered with books, work-boxes, and feminine trifles of various kinds, remains just as Sibyl left it the night before. It is one of Sibyl's laws that this table should not be touched. There is to be no tidying or arranging of the trifles she values—her books, her writing materials, her fancy-work.

The doctor's eye surveys the pretty little room. The sunshine is shut out by the lowered Venetians, but there is light enough for him to see every thing.

"I thought she might have left a letter somewhere," says Dr. Mitsand. "That is what young ladies generally do when they run away from home."

"We have no right to suppose that she has run away," observes Joel.

"True. Yet it looks rather like it."

He has looked at the mantel-piece, at the cabinet, with its upholsterer's collection of pink and blue Sèvres tea-cups—the inevitable Marie Antoinette—the eternal De Maintenon—the everlasting Pompadour, smirking behind plate-glass panels. No; there is no letter on cabinet or mantel-piece. He goes to the table, glances at the books, the dainty basket lined with rose-colored satin, the shreds of lace, and ivory needle-cases and filigree thimble-boxes. Still no letter. How intently he examines all these trifles—peers into the basket—raises the lid of the work-box—always looking for that letter.

He comes upon something presently that engages his particular attention, but it is not a letter, only a glass vial corked and empty, nestling in the satin-lined basket among needle-cases and reels of cotton.

"Dilute prussic acid," he says, sniffing at the cork cautiously. "That's curious."

Joel watches him closely.

"Very curious," echoes Joel; "but I believe young women sometimes use it for their complexions, don't they?"

"No. I've heard of their using arsenic, never prussic acid in any form. Miss Faunthorpe may have been taking the dilute acid as a sedative. I'll take care of the bottle. She ought not to leave such things about."

"But an empty bottle can do no harm," says Joel.

"Perhaps not; but I may as well keep it. You'll remember where we found this bottle, Mr. Pilgrim," says Dr. Mitsand, as he drops the empty vial into his pocket.

"Perhaps you will kindly call at the Registrar's and certify my poor friend's death," says Mr. Pilgrim. "Podmore tells me there is some kind of certificate necessary in these cases."

"It is just that certificate which I do not feel myself at liberty to give till after the inquest," replies the doctor.

"Why not?"

"Because I do not know the cause of death."

"But the arrangements for the funeral—"

"Must remain in abeyance till after the inquest."

"Very unpleasant," says Joel.

"Yes; death is apt to be unpleasant for the survivors, especially under certain circumstances," replies Dr. Mitsand, gravely.

He leaves Joel and goes straight to the Coroner, his old friend and ally, a medical man who has retired from practice, and the two talk together gravely of the event that has darkened the windows of Lancaster Lodge. It is decided between them that the post-mortem examination shall take place immediately, and that, possibly, Mr. Pollintory shall be ready to give evidence to-morrow at the inquest. The Coroner gives an order for the post-mortem examination, and Dr. Mitsand writes a telegram to Mr. Pollintory, one of the medical staff of the Krampston Infirmary, a skilled chemist and analyst, and a man of some distinction in his own particular line.

CHAPTER XLVI.

DARK SURMISES.

In the old house at the lower end of the town there is surprise and agitation, and a flutter of excitement which throws all the machinery of life out of gear. Hester leaves her dishes unwashed, and sits down in her disorderly kitchen to talk over Mr. Trenchard's death with the char-woman. They talk immensely, though they know hardly any thing about the dread event, save such jetsam and flotsam of intelligence, chiefly false, as has been cast up on the shore of the high street. But they evolve a great deal out of their inner consciousness. They speculate upon that ever-interesting subject, the will, and argue for and against Sibyl's appointment as sole heiress.

"It will be an unjust will if he's left every thing to her," says Hester, vindictively.

"Ah, but she was the favorite, you see," pleads the char-woman, tilting her bonnet on to her eyebrows in her animation; "and so pretty, and such winning ways. I shouldn't wonder if all the money was left to her."

"Then I hope she'll remember my poor old master, and all he's done for her and her sisters," says Hester. "They might all have gone to the work-house if it hadn't been for him. Mr. Trenchard was across the seas and couldn't help 'em, and many a good meal Dr. Faunthorpe's gone without to bring up three hearty-eating girls."

"I dare say Miss Faunthorpe will take her uncle to live with her at Lancaster Lodge," says the char-woman. "Such a lovely place! I went in one evening that there was a dinner party to wash up for the cook. Why, the very scullery's ekal to some people's drawring-rooms."

"Dr. Faunthorpe ain't going to live there, you may depend," replies Hester, decisively. "He don't want none of your finery. He likes his own house and his independence, and his water cake and bit of smoked bacon for breakfast."

"It's odd, Miss Faunthorpe being out this morning when her sister went up," speculates the char-woman.

"Yes, that's odd. It's my belief she was always against this Mr. Pilgrim, and her uncle had forced the marriage upon her, and she went off this morning to some of her fine friends to get out of the way. Them Candonnels, perhaps, that she and Miss Marion was visiting at Christmas."

"Ah, they do say she might have married Sir Wilford Candonnel if she'd liked," says the char-woman.

"Of course she could," answers Hester, glad to exalt the family she has served so faithfully. "Only she's as full of fancies as an egg's full of meat, and she wouldn't have him."

While this discussion goes on in the kitchen, Marion and Jenny sit in the parlor, occupied by the one all-absorbing thought of the dead man's will and their own mourning. They have not liked Stephen Trenchard well enough to feel any regret for his loss; nay, his death is an event to which they have looked forward as a turning-point—the beginning of brighter days—in their own lives. He is dead, and a painful interval of suspense must be endured before they can know what he has done for them. They are hopeful meanwhile, and wildly speculative—especially Jenny, whose ideas ramble among thousands and tens of thousands as they have never rambled before, save in the agreeable mazes of an arithmetic book.

"You see, he had such oceans of money," argues Jenny. "He could afford to make Sibyl a great heiress, and to leave us twenty thousand apiece quite easily. And the interest of twenty thousand pounds is a thousand a year. Uncle Robert told me so. Fancy you and me with a thousand a year each! No stocking darning, no turning and twisting our winter dresses to make them do for spring. I shall go into trains immediately."

"That will be a boon to the rest of humanity, for they'll hide your legs," replies Marion.

"Shall you have crape tucks or flounces on your black silk?" inquires Jenny, recurring to that inexhaustible topic, the mourning.

"Whichever is the last fashion. Miss Eylett shall make our mourning, and she always has the newest style."

"But we ought to have dresses ready for the day of the funeral," says Jenny. "And how can we get them before the will is read? We don't know whether we're rich or poor."

"Carmichael's will let us have any thing we want," replies Marion. "Depend upon it, they'll give us any amount of credit now Uncle Trenchard is dead. They know we must come in for some of his money."

As the day goes on the fever of curiosity and wonder which has seized upon Redcastle is intensified, for the flame is fed by new revelations of a startling character. First there is the news of Sibyl's disappearance, and then it becomes known somehow that there is to be a post-mortem examination, followed by a coroner's inquest. This is really interesting, and would distinguish the deceased from the common ruck even if he had not been a millionaire. The two local papers are in a flutter of excitement, and the reporters hang about Lancaster Lodge and question the respectable Podmore, whose large pale face—in shape and expression somewhat resembling the station clock—assumes a troubled and bewildered look.

From the Coroner's house Dr. Mitsand goes on to his brother practitioner, Dr. Faunthorpe. That meek little man has just returned from a long round in his dilapidated chaise, and has "run in," as he calls it, to get a little bit of dinner. Regularly to dine is a luxury unknown to the parish doctor. The cloth is laid in the homely parlor, the remains of joint or stew are kept in the oven, with a potato or two simmering in greasy gravy, and the doctor takes his repast hurriedly and alone an hour or two after the appointed dinner hour.

He has just seated himself at his savory mess, when Hester enters mysteriously and announces Dr. Mitsand.

"I've shown him into the best parlor," she says; whereupon Dr. Faunthorpe, faint with hunger, reluctantly lays down his knife and fork, and goes to receive his guest.

"What can he want with me?" he thinks.

Dr. Mitsand explains himself briefly.

"The Coroner has ordered me to make a post-mortem examination, assisted by Mr. Pollintory—you know Pollintory, of course; and I thought you ought to be present, as a near connection of the deceased," he concludes.

"I am surprised that a post-mortem should be thought necessary," says Dr. Faunthorpe, fluttered by this intelligence. "There was nothing mysterious in my brother-in-law's death, I hope? He had been ailing for some time."

"He had; but his death was not the less unexpected. It is always best to err on the side of caution. By-the-way, may I ask if you use much prussic acid in your practice?"

The question startles the meek little doctor, and he looks at the inquirer with a perplexed expression of countenance.

"I have used it occasionally, but not often."

"You keep some in your surgery, no doubt?"

"Yes, I have a little of the diluted acid."

"You are careful to keep it out of harm's way? It is not within any one's reach?" inquires Dr. Mitsand.

"I keep that and all poisons on a top shelf, in blue bottles. They could not possibly be used in mistake for any thing else, if that is what you mean."

"I am glad of that."

"But what has this to do with Mr. Trenchard's death?" asks Dr. Faunthorpe, with a troubled look.

"Only this much. From the indications presented by the body after death—a livid hue, the nails purple, the hands so firmly clinched that the women who laid out the dead have not been able to place them in a peaceful attitude, and from the odor of the room where he lies—I have too much reason to fear that Mr. Trenchard died poisoned by prussic acid. This calls for immediate investigation."

"Great Heaven, yes!" cries Dr. Faunthorpe, white with horror. "But how do you imagine the poison administered? Whom can you suspect?"

"I suspect no one as yet. The least painful supposition is that he took the poison himself."

"Why should he do that? What motive had he for committing suicide? Or what motive could any one have had for murdering him?"

"Hard to imagine a motive in either case. Unless it were possible that some one who expected to profit by his death was tempted to hasten that death by poison."

"Dr. Mitsand," exclaims Robert Faunthorpe, tremulous with indignant horror, "are you aware that my niece is the person who had most right to be a gainer by her uncle Trenchard's death?"

"I know that."

"And you come to ask me whether I keep any form of prussic acid in my surgery; you suspect that the poison by which Mr. Trenchard died, or by which you suppose him to have died, was taken from this house?"

"I tell you that I suspect nothing, Dr. Faunthorpe. But until the law has taken this painful business into its own hands, it is my duty to act in the interests of law and right. Mr. Trenchard was in my care. He dies, as I believe, foully murdered. Your niece disappears on the day of his death."

"She runs away to escape a marriage which we may fairly suppose had been forced upon her by Mr. Trenchard."

"That is one view of the case, and, I hope, the right one. Yet her absence can not fail to prejudice the minds of those who have to investigate this matter. If you have any idea where she is, I should recommend you to communicate with her, and urge her immediate return."

"I have no idea. She had no friends before she was adopted by her rich uncle. She may have gone to some of her new friends, but they are unknown to me. I don't know where to look for her, or how to communicate with her."

"It is a most unhappy case, Dr. Faunthorpe; but you and I must do our duty."

"My poor Sibyl—my poor, unhappy girl—to be involved in such a horrible suspicion!" cries Dr. Faunthorpe, helplessly.

He sits alone for some time after Dr. Mitsand has left him, sits hopeless and stricken. It is not that he believes his niece guilty of this hideous crime—this almost impossible wickedness—but that the mere suspicion should have fallen upon her is a calamity that bows him to the dust.

At four o'clock that bright summer afternoon the three medical men meet at Lancaster Lodge for their dismal work. Podmore, with his large round face, still white and horror-stricken, admits them into the dusky silence of the hall. Joel Pilgrim comes out of the study to receive them, very calm and business-like in manner, and leads the way to the room where the dead man lies. At the door he leaves them, and goes quietly down stairs to his retreat in the study, where he sits reading the paper, or making believe to read it.

In the room above the stairs the dismal work is performed in silence.

To Mr. Pollintory, the skillful analyst, it is no more than an every-day matter of business. A jar is sealed in the presence of the three medical men, and this vessel Mr. Pollintory is to take back to Krampston with him, there to perform his analysis, and apply tests scientific and physiological, in the retirement of his own laboratory.

But in the minds of those three men analysis is hardly needed to establish the one fatal fact that Stephen Trenchard has been poisoned by prussic acid. In the appearances which add to the awfulness of death, in the odor which exhales from that lifeless form, there is evidence enough of a technical kind to convince a whole college of physicians.

The doctors go quietly down stairs when their work is done, and again Mr. Pilgrim appears at the study door.

"Well, gentlemen," he exclaims, interrogatively, "what is your verdict? Do you find the cause of death in the heart or brain?"

"In neither," replies Dr. Mitsand.

"What then?"

"I had rather not state my opinion till I am called upon at the inquest to-morrow."

"Humph!" mutters Joel. "You doctors like to be mysterious. It is a trick of the trade. But pray walk in, gentlemen; you will take some refreshment after your painful task, I hope?"

Dr. Mitsand and his colleagues refuse this hospitality.

"I should like to ask a few questions of the butler before we go," says Dr. Mitsand. "I believe it was he who last saw Mr. Trenchard alive."

"To the best of my knowledge it was so," answers Joel, scraping his smooth chin thoughtfully. "But Podmore is a very stupid fellow, and this sad event seems to have thrown him quite off his balance. The man has no self-possession whatever. You'll not get a succinct account from him."

"I don't want an account. I only want an answer to a question or two," replies Dr. Mitsand. "Be kind enough to ring for him, Mr. Pilgrim."

Joel obeys. Poor little Dr. Faunthorpe sits in a corner meanwhile, pale as a sheet of letter-paper, and full of vague apprehensions. That Stephen Trenchard has either destroyed himself or been foully murdered there can be no doubt. Which is it? And why is Sibyl absent?

Podmore appears in answer to the bell, and by his aspect fully justifies Joel's account of him. He looks from one of the doctors to the other with a countenance full of apprehension.

"You gave Mr. Trenchard his medicine at four o'clock this morning?" inquires Dr. Mitsand.

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you find him in his usual health?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You noticed nothing particular in his manner?"

"No, Sir—unless—"

"Speak out, pray."

"He might have been a little more irritable than usual, perhaps. He had been rather irritable for some time past. Mr. Pilgrim may have noticed it."

Joel nods acquiescence.

"As if he had something on his mind," suggests Dr. Mitsand.

"Well, yes, Sir. You might take it that way."

"Who removed the glasses and bottles from Mr. Trenchard's room this morning? Was it one of the women-servants?"

"No, Sir. Mr. Pilgrim told me to see to clearing the room. The women-servants were timid about going in."

"What did you do with the glass in which your master was in the habit of taking potash water?"

"I took it down to the pantry with the rest of the things, Sir, and washed it with my other glasses."

"You are sure you washed it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you think you could find me that particular glass?"

"I might, perhaps, Sir. It was a large soda-water glass. There's a dozen of the same pattern in the pantry. They're kept on the same shelf; but I think I should know the one Mr. Trenchard used last from the position of it."

"Bring it, then," says Joel, authoritatively.

Podmore shuffles out, and returns presently with the glass. Dr. Mitsand takes it to the window, and examines it with his back to Joel and the rest.

"You wash your glasses in very hot water, I think," he says to Podmore.

"Pretty hot, Sir. And I use a bit of soda to keep them bright."

"I see. Was there a table with glasses and bottles on it within reach of your master's hand as he lay in bed?"

"No, Sir."

"Nonsense, Podmore!" cries Joel, quickly. "You forget the little table which Mr. Trenchard had placed close to his bed a few days ago, in order that he might help himself to a bottle of potash water if he wanted it without ringing for you."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," stammers Podmore. "Yes; I forgot the little table; my master had it put handy to his hand, as you may say. But it didn't use to be there, and it slipped my memory."

"And was it from that table you took this soda-water glass?"

"Yes, Sir."

"That will do," says Dr. Mitsand, and Podmore shuffles out again, escaping gladly as a soul released from torment.

"If I could understand any motive for such an act," says Dr. Mitsand, as he and his colleagues go along the shrubberied drive between Lancaster Lodge and its gates, "I should be inclined to believe that that man poisoned his master. I never saw a more craven hound. We shall see if he comes in for an annuity, or a handsome legacy, under his master's will."

[to be continued.]

ITALY AND NEW YORK.

In a recent article in the *Church Quarterly Review*, written by Mr. Gladstone, the danger and the hopes of Italy are treated of with clearness and force, and to Italy and Rome the civilized world still looks with an interest that is not altogether unselfish. For of that religious war which Dr. Manning and the chief papal authorities declare to be looming up in the future, the single cause must be the struggle of the papacy to regain its temporal power, and the resolution of Italy to be free from a priestly rule. It is, indeed, the hard fate of united Italy to be obliged to tolerate in its midst the existence of an ecclesiastical body whose power it has just overthrown, and from whose resentment and ceaseless hostility it can never escape until the Papal Church shall become national and patriotic. But in its ultramontane form the papacy has ever been the chief source of the sorrows of the peninsula. It has lived only by the aid of foreign arms, and has invoked the presence of French and Austrians to defend it against the universal sentiment of the Italians, and still in its humiliation it calls upon its ultramontane followers in every land to rise in its support and avenge upon the helpless people the loss of its temporal sway. The Italians seem to look upon their clerical foes with a calm indifference, have broken up monasteries and nunneries, Jesuit schools and ancient abuses, hear without emotion the anathemas heaped upon them by their spiritual head, are unaffected by an excommunication, and apparently unconscious of the thunders of the Church. The Pope has least power over the minds of those who are nearest to him, and has a stronger influence in the politics of New York than that which he exerts at Rome.

Hopeless, indeed, would be the projects of the Roman Curia if the restoration of the temporal power depended upon the Italian people, and the Papal Church must be content to remain forever subject to the state. But, as the reviewer suggests, it is a wider circle of adherents to which Rome appeals against Italy, and there is evidently a fixed conviction among a large number of Roman Catholics in Europe and America that all the members of their Church have a certain inalienable right of property in the papal domain and the city of Rome. The people of Italy are upon this theory subject to the control of a large body of foreigners. The Italian kingdom has violated a spiritual law which the Council of Trent and Dr. Manning place above all human laws, and millions of Roman Catholics believe that the Pope may be properly restored to his temporal throne by the sword of the united Church. Nor is this only a theoretical belief. In 1848, when the people drove out the Pope, the swords of four papal powers were at once unsheathed against them, and France, Austria, Spain, and Naples joined, as servants of the mediæval Church, to redeem the territory of St. Peter. And from 1849 to 1870 France, as the eldest son of the Pope, acted as the custodian of Rome, held Italy in subjection, and maintained the worst government in Europe at the point of the bayonet. "May she not, or can she not, ever do this again?" asks the writer of the article. And on the answer to the question hangs the course of European progress and the lives and welfare of myriads. "A powerful setting of the current of human motive and inclination, which we still term Fate," he thinks inclines France to another contest with Germany. And though her words are at present those of peace, no one can doubt but that she intends another struggle for supremacy—a horrible contest, of which there may be no limit and no end. But in such a war the powers with whom she was associated in 1849 could give her little aid. Spain wounded and fallen, Naples free and liberal, Austria no longer the chief of the German league, are allies from whom France could expect little or nothing, and her only real support would be in a new power without a name and without a country. The true ally of France will be the ultramontane faction in every land. It is a minority, yet often rules. It is bound together by a careful organization, and, stirred by the "venomous" ambition of Rome, it may do more for France than could Austria, Spain, and all the Bourbons. Already it governs Bavaria, terrifies Belgium, is boastful in England, dangerous in Germany, pernicious as a plague to Spain, and in Italy calmly plots with the cruel subtlety of a Renaissance Pope, a Borgia or a Sextus IV., the ruin of the fair land just risen from the sleep of ages. If France, we are told, ever aspire again to the conquest of Europe, it must find its only fast ally in ultramontanism. And the two ill-assorted yet powerful agents of papal arrogance and French ambition will act together in harmony for the destruction of the human race. Nor would it be impossible to find among the most dreadful visions of the Apocalypse a fitting symbol of the general ruin that must flow from their unholy league.

But if we look to Italy, the object of such perpetual and unsparing malice, we are struck by its apparent calmness and unconcern. While the Roman Curia and its allies throughout Christendom are preparing to tear its heart from its shattered frame, and build anew the fabric of the temporal power, Italian statesmen pursue their reforms without a pause. Italy cares neither for France nor the Curia nor ultramontanism. She stands by with folded arms while the Pope plots her ruin. Yet within the peninsula a silent strife is constantly waged, and all the powers of ultramontanism are ceaselessly exerted to win over the people, an uncultivated throng, to favor the projects of the Roman Curia. The Pope is still an independent power in the heart of a rival kingdom. The Italian bishops are nearly all ultramontane, the priests are the serfs of the episcopacy, and it would seem that the well-ordered faction of the spiritual ruler might at last wear out and dissipate the cultivated adherents of Victor Emanuel. Even Italy itself is in no degree safe from the subtle plots of its internal foe. The Roman Curia, disarmed by force, yet plans to control the elections of Rome and Florence in nearly the same way in which it has so long governed those of New York, and every ultramontane priest becomes a powerful electioneering agent, and every chapel the centre of a political club. But from this apparent unity of the papal power in Italy there are some deductions to be made, and from the people and the inferior priests may yet come a movement that will defeat the projects of its internal foes. A gleam of hope is already discernible in the conduct of both. Several of the Italian communes have already asserted the right which they once possessed of choosing their own priests. The ultramontane bishops oppose this claim with all their authority, but the Italian courts have recently decided that the communes are legally entitled to elect their pastors, and although an appeal has been taken to the highest tribunal, there seems little doubt that the decision will be sustained. In Naples, too, a society has been formed, called the National Italian Church, which has already elected its bishop, Monsignor Panelli, and it would seem that a considerable number of the Italian clergy are already national in their tastes and sympathies, and plainly opposed to the restoration of the temporal power. Yet these are only the faint indications of a better progress, and it is still the unhappy fate of united Italy to be constantly menaced by the unsparing plots of the Curia and the Jesuits, and to nourish within its bosom a fierce spirit of ultramontanism which will never rest until the fate of the papacy has been decided by a European war.

This is the picture of the modern form of Romanism, drawn by a powerful hand; and if the papal priests are so dangerous to the peace of society in the Old World, it is surely time for the people of the American continent to consider what should be their conduct toward so active and resolute a sect. If the papal faction is permitted to interfere in the elections of Ohio or New York, and assume the guidance of the politics of the nation, will it prove more merciful or more modest than it has shown itself in Italy or France? Are the priests who would set Europe in a flame of warfare to be trusted in the education of the young or the conduct of our elections? Our Democratic politicians insist that they are, and hope to win office and emolument by the favor of the Papal Church. In all parts of the country the Roman Catholic editors and clergy of every grade urge their people to support the Democratic side; and the Rev. Father Henning, of St. Louis, has just declared "it is the duty of every Catholic to vote for a Catholic candidate—for one who is not opposed to the Catholic religion." It is plainly the duty of our people to begin to consider this question carefully, and to determine what action they must take to secure themselves against the invasion of a foreign sect. Heretofore they have done nothing, or, rather, aided the spread of ultramontanism by the most extravagant concessions. "In no country," we are told by the London *Daily Telegraph*, "is the Roman Catholic Church so favored as in the United States;" and in none has it made such a treacherous use of its privileges. We have allowed it to assail our system of education by every art, to drive the Bible from the schools, to plant its sectarian seminaries in the most favorable sites of all the land, often to draw their support from the people's money. The ultramontanes preach politics from the pulpit and distribute Democratic ballots at the church door, sell the papal vote for bribes of power or money, elect Democratic candidates because the Democracy has granted them most favors, cover New York with debt and infamy, and force the Democratic leaders to obey a Geghan in Ohio. If unrestrained by salutary laws, this foreign sect must become as dangerous to America as to Europe, and in the guise of Democracy will erect a spiritual despotism among us which must end in a temporal one. In Italy the papacy, ever terrible, is yet restrained by a rigorous government; in the United States it rules over the Democracy uncontrolled by any law. The recent elections in every section of the Union show that the people have not been indifferent to this danger, that they are not willing to abandon the public schools to the care of treacherous friends or open enemies, and that they are resolved to punish with a just indignation the Democratic politicians who have sold their honor to the foreign priests. But the peril is not over. For many years the priests will plot the ruin of freedom by the aid of their Democratic leaders. For many years New York will be the favorite rallying point of the foreign faction. For another half century the people of the Union may be forced to wage a ceaseless war against the Roman Catholic Democracy and the foreign Church. The great triumph they have recently won may prove only the opening of the struggle.

In France, in Italy, Germany, Spain, the papal faction is laboring with new zeal to regain its supremacy, but the New World will apparently witness the decisive contest between freedom and "Catholic unity," between the people and a foreign priesthood, between free America and papal Rome. Eugene Lawrence.

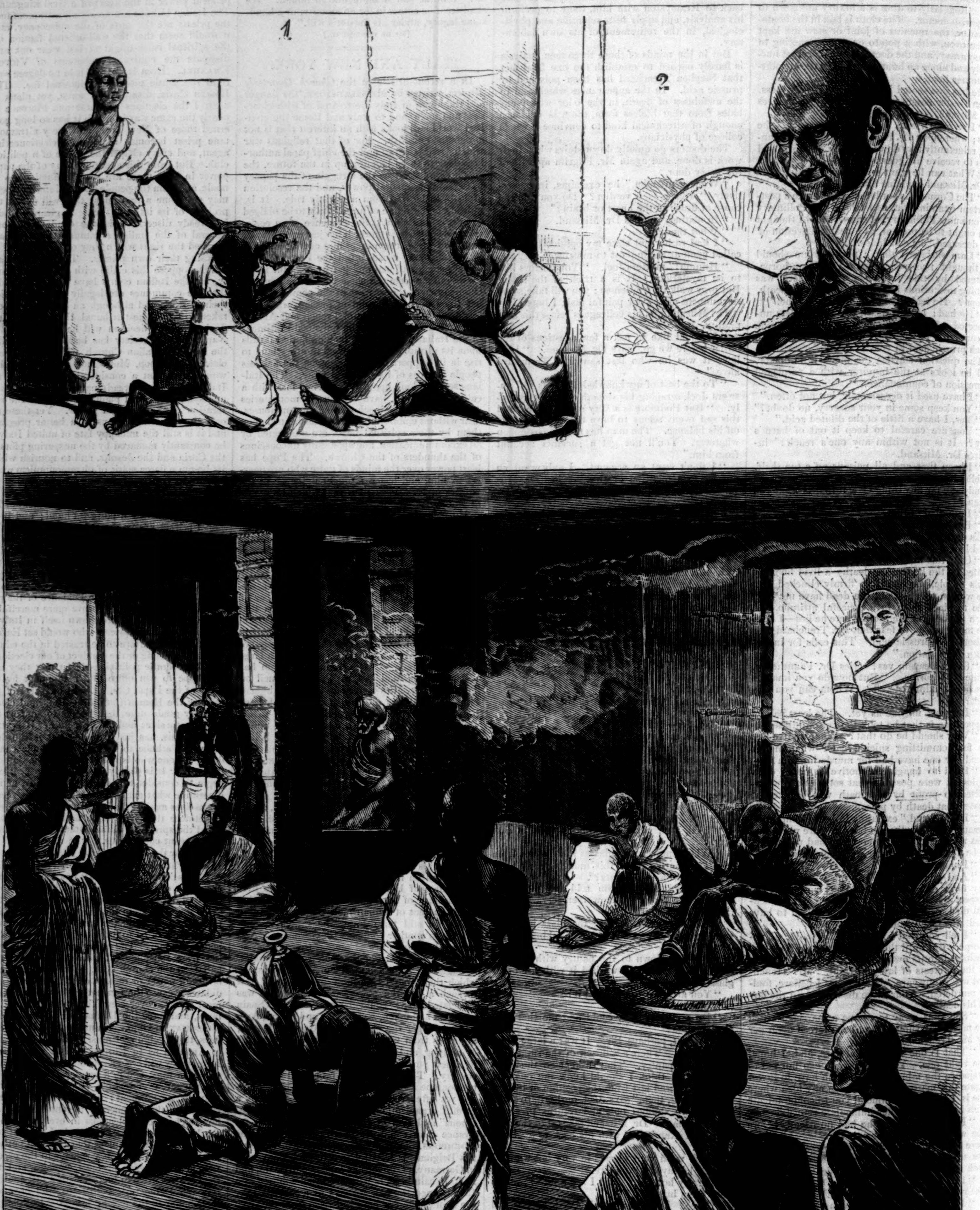
A BUDDHIST ORDINATION.

The sketches on this page depict some of the incidents of a Buddhist ordination service in Ceylon, a scene rarely witnessed by foreign residents. The ceremony is held on full-moon day of Wesak (May, June), being the anniversary of the day on which Gautama Buddha attained Nirvana (that is, was absorbed into the essence of the Deity), B.C. 543.

On the day appointed for the ceremony, the aspirant for priestly honors is conducted to the place of ordination upon the back of an elephant. He is dressed in his best attire, accompanied by his friends, and preceded by musicians and dancers. On arrival at the Chapter-House he is led by his tutor to the great hall where the ceremonial takes place. This apartment, named in the Hindoo tongue *Sinhalese Poya-ge*, is an oblong room with rows of pillars forming an inner space and leaving broad aisles at the sides. At the head of this long hall sat the aged abbot as president of the chapter. On either side of him sat the elder priests, in number between thirty and forty. The assembly thus formed three sides of an oblong. The president sat upon a low cushion covered with a carpet, but the other priests had only mats covered with a kind of white cotton goods resembling calico. All assumed the cross-legged attitude common in the East. On the fourth side of the hall stood the candidates; behind the pillars on the right were the deacons, on the left were the visitors, and at the extreme end of the room behind the candidates was a crowd of Buddhist laymen.

To form a chapter for the purpose of ordination not less than ten already consecrated priests are required, and ten years at least must have elapsed since the ordination of the president. The priests attending are required to give their undivided, unremitting, and devout attention throughout the ceremony. Each one is expected to join heart and soul in the exhortations, responses, and formulas, and to correct every mistake, lest the occurrence of an error should vitiate the efficacy of the rite. Previous to the ordination the candidates are subjected to a strict and searching examination as to their knowledge of the sacred books.

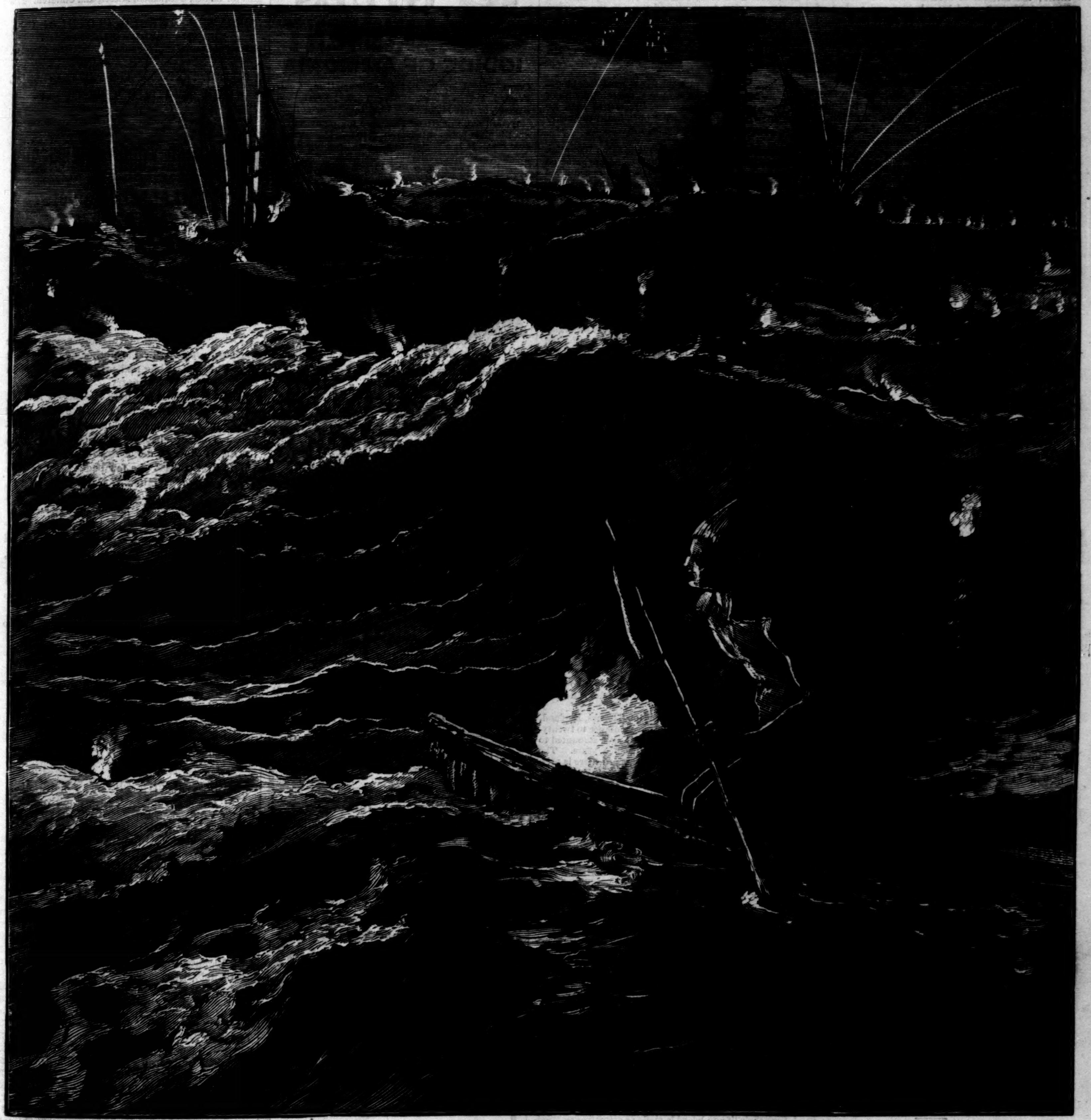
At the conclusion of the services the candidate is instructed to kneel before the president or chief priest, who presents him with the yellow robes of office. He then retires and puts off his lay garments, and with them renounces the world. He is assisted by his tutor in arraying himself in the new attire he has just received, and thus be-



1. The Candidate taking his Vows before his Gurunánse or Tutor. 2. The Maha Náyaka Unnànsè, or Chief Priest. 3. The Candidate, robed, taking the Vows in Presence of the Chapter.

A BUDDHIST ORDINATION IN CEYLON.

comes a celibate priest of the Buddhist Church. During the process of robing he repeats the following formula: "In wisdom I put on these robes as a protection against cold, as a protection against heat, as a protection against gad-flies and mosquitoes, wind and sun, and the touch of serpents, and to cover nakedness; that is, I wear them in all humility, for use only, and not for ornament or show." He then returns to the chapter, and is further examined as to his fitness for office, after which he takes the usual simple vows, and is admonished as to the duties and life of a priest. We may add that while many corruptions and innovations have been introduced among the Northern Buddhists, in Ceylon that form of religion, which in many respects so closely resembles Christianity, retains almost its pristine purity.



A STRIKING SPECTACLE—ILLUMINATION OF THE SURF AT MADRAS.

A STRIKING SPECTACLE.

THE city of Madras, including the whole of the various divisions of which it is composed, extends along the coast from north to south for a distance of nearly nine miles. It differs from all other cities of maritime importance from the fact that it has no harbor, but fronts directly upon the sea, and the waves, which sometimes rise to the remarkable height of fourteen feet, break immediately under the walls of the city. Along the shore leading from the cantonment of St. Thomas to Fort St. George, where the English garrison at Madras is quartered, extends the Mount Road, a beautiful shaded avenue about six miles in length. From this road the most attractive view of the city is obtained upon the one hand, while upon the other the attention of the visitor is constantly drawn to the beauty and peculiarity of the surf as it breaks in ridges of curling foam three hundred yards from the shore.

During the visit of the Prince of Wales to India he was a witness of the remarkable spectacle known at Madras as the "illumination of the surf." This wonderful display of artificial lights among the frothing waves is accomplished by the discharge of rockets from the ships around, and from the piers, together with scores of colored lights which are attached to the life-buoys and carried about in catamarans propelled by the natives. Many of these lights are made from materials that are inextinguishable, and these are placed upon the surf, and burn there with an effect that appears almost miraculous in its strange beauty.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says: "Never has been seen in India or elsewhere a spectacle at once so grand and so awful as the illumination of the surf." Neither pen nor pencil can give any idea of it. It was weirdly beautiful, exciting, grand. As if to render homage to the occasion, the wind had risen and the surf was unusually high, while the night was sufficiently cloudy to prevent all rivalry between the stars and the lights upon the sea.

After the usual state dinner at the house of the Governor, the Prince and his party left the table to prepare for the drive to the beach. The road from the Government House was illuminated, and the triumphal arches were outlined with lanterns, and bore stars and other devices. The fort, which also comprises the Council-house and a number of civil and military offices, was outlined with lamps, as were all the government buildings within the city. On alighting from their carriages at the fort, which had been selected as the best point for viewing the illuminations of the whole esplanade as well as the fire-works, the royal party walked to the end of the pier, where preparations for their comfort had been made. Seats were placed for the Prince, the Governor, his family, and the suit, out of the reach of the spray. The buildings along the beach, transparencies, and triumphal arches, all brilliantly illuminated, formed a background above which rose steeples, columns, and lamps. Southward, where the rollers swept up to the roadway, there were rows of natives with blazing torches and blue-lights, and facing seaward there was an ocean of white turbans. The *Serapis*, *Osborne*, and *Raleigh* were illuminated outside. Between the outer darkness and the beach the moonlight now and then revealed dark objects rising and falling on the billows.

At the moment the Prince arrived on the pier with the commander-in-chief there was a grand discharge from the *Raleigh*, accompanied by a flight of 190 colored rockets. It seemed as if volcanoes were emitting volumes of colored flames. Presently appeared fires here and there seaward, amidst waves drifting landward, like fire-ships from afar. These multiplied, dipping, rising now and then through the waves, while occasionally came a light from the other side. It had an immense effect. Suddenly from the beach dashed the black forms of Masouwah boats and catamarans, which, amidst the wildest yells, charged into the serried ranks of the foam-crested breakers, and dark objects seaward were revealed, as the boats tossed violently on the outer ridge of the breakers. There never was such an awful regatta. Amidst a sea now black as ink, now like fire-glistening jet in a creamy surf, the catamaran men were swept off, and either regained their crafts or were swept beneath the billows. There was an awful suspense until they were landed safe on the beach. The Masouwah boats, swept from stem to stern by the breakers, forced their way out into the smoother sea, to return still more animated. Their skill is beyond praise. These hardy fellows, watching an opportunity, keep the top of the wave by tremendous efforts, and are borne past with wonderful velocity, yet emerge safely from each succeeding breaker. This extraordinary spectacle was renewed repeatedly. To the visitor it seemed like a combat of water-gods, for the people, amidst the blue-lights, the rockets, and the boiling surf, remained almost speechless. Altogether the effect of these scores of brilliant colored lights amidst the lines of seething surf was superb. The Prince himself was greatly pleased and interested, and even joined in the amusement by throwing from the pier some of the cases of modern Greek fire with which this magnificent pyrotechnic display was made.

CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

WE give on page 149 a few choice sketches from our artist's portfolio—notes, as it were, of a day's ramble through the Centennial Exhibition grounds. The "Swedish School-House," situated quite near the main Exhibition building, and almost joining the Judges' Pavilion, is destined to be an attraction to many visitors, who will see in the simple but exquisite little structure a model for the future school for their little ones. A short walk, during which you cross, by rustic bridges, a quiet brook, brings you to the Horticultural Building, which is in itself an exhibition worth quite a journey to see. In architectural features it is Moorish. The exterior is rich in color and ornament; the interior is even more florid in effect. The corridors formed by columns and arches of variously colored brick; the iron truss brightened with brilliant tints. Great carved heads of lions for drinking fountains attract attention for the moment; next you gaze through glass into the forcing-house, upon orange-trees the branches of which are filled with fruit, and the tropical verdure surrounding seems out of place as you turn and look at the workmen in overcoats bringing in the few last loads of rich earth with which to complete the great garden of the main building. These beds are to be heated by numerous steam-pipes, as will be seen by the sketch, and within a month are to be ready for the reception of plants permanently arranged for the Exhibition.

In your walk from Horticultural Hall to the Agricultural Building you pass the nearly finished American Restaurant, picturesquely located in a grove of oaks, within which are groups of dark fir. The workmen are clustered about the small fires which, if carefully guarded, they are permitted to build for comfort during their noon hour. While warming numbed hands at one of these chip comforts, our artist's attention is invited to "the way the boss will make them nagurs git when the whistle blows; he wants that car unloaded ter wonster, Sir." Suffice to say that car-load of lumber for the Agricultural Building was unloaded by ten minutes after one by "colored help." Work upon the main building is nearly complete, but as many as fifty structures, additions, etc., are yet to be finished, and all of this by the 10th of next May.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"ICE or no ice for the Centennial summer?" This is the question which prophets of evil and harbingers of misfortune are gloomily sounding in our ears. Some people seem to take a melancholy delight in prognosticating calamities, or at least discomforts of some kind. They never are willing themselves to enjoy or to allow others to take comfort in the existing state of things. If the weather is genial, they perpetually remind us that compensation will come in cold and storms and winds; if it is cold, they talk of fearful summer heats which are in store; if we are well, it is a chance if we are not made sick by tales of lurking diseases; if we are prosperous, they croak of adversity; and if the comforts and luxuries of life are given us, they foretell swift-coming days of want. People can be careful, provident, and not overconfident, and yet have faith enough to take some comfort in present good gifts. Many past winters have been mild like the present, and yet ice enough has been gathered in this vicinity before the season was over. The ice-houses are not empty by any means; a large quantity is always left over at the close of every summer. Maine dealers stand ready to supply the ice needed. We see it stated that at the close of the warm season last year the Maine ice dealers had on hand a stock sufficient to supply three cities as large as New York for a whole season. There is no doubt but ice enough from some quarter will be forth-coming. If by any remarkable condition of things the natural supply should fail, what better year than the Centennial for American genius to substitute artificial ice?

Facts show that justice is neither swift nor sure in New York, and it is certainly a disgrace to our city that law is to such an extent only a name. During the five years ending December, 1875, there were 281 homicides in the city, most of which were murders of an unmistakable character. Only seven of the murderers have suffered death by the law; twenty-four have been imprisoned for life; some have received mild sentences; some have been discharged or have escaped; and more than one-fourth the entire number have never been brought to trial at all, but have escaped without any punishment.

In accordance with a law which was recently passed by the Legislature, masked balls may hereafter be held under the supervision of the police. But permission will be given only for masquerades of a respectable character, or such as are considered so; and the police are authorized to cause any person to unmask, or to discontinue the ball in case any disorderly or improper act shall be committed.

The "Old Burton Theatre," in Chambers Street, was sold a short time ago to the American News Company for $180,000. It had previously—since disused as a theatre—been leased by the United States government for courts and offices. The new Post-office now gives the requisite accommodations for those courts, and rooms for offices.

It will be remembered that there was considerable excitement in Philadelphia a short time ago in consequence of the proposed burial of a colored man in the Mount Moriah Cemetery, where he had owned a lot. The stockholders of the cemetery have now adopted a resolution to prohibit the burial of any colored person on their property.

Hollis Hall, Harvard College, was recently seriously damaged by a fire caused by a defective flue.

Seldom has there occurred in our country a bolder or more successful bank burglary than the recent one at Northampton, Massachusetts. Evidently there is a large nest of professional thieves and robbers, which should be thoroughly broken up—if only somebody could find it. But who can do it?

One of the "dodges" of thieves may be understood by the following incident: The other day an employé of the Domestic Sewing-machine Company was sent to draw $3000 from the Bank of the Metropolis. While counting over the money, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and quickly turned around. The stranger who had touched him, said, "You have dropped some money, Sir." The employé kept his eye on the man a moment, then looked on the floor; but on turning to the counter again, he missed some of his money. He rushed after the fellow, caught him, and succeeded in obtaining part of the stolen money. Then calling assistance, he delivered the thief into custody.

"Plimsoll's Mark" is now painted on British vessels with the design of preventing them from being overloaded.

According to the *Times of India*, the Prince of Wales is about to receive a very pretty and unique present from an Indian sporting gentleman, namely, "a four-in-hand of antelopes, perfectly broken to the harness." Londoners are already enthusiastic at the prospect of seeing these antelopes gliding through the crowded streets of their metropolis.

The opening musical exercises of the Centennial Exhibition will be under the superintendence of Mr. Theodore Thomas.

Sleighing is reported from Paris—good sleighing—while here in New York we began the third month of winter with mild temperature, streets free from ice and snow, and without having once heard the merry sleigh-bells in our streets during the season.

Preparations for the Martha Washington Reception and Tea Party, in aid of St. John's Guild, are going on successfully and extensively. It will be remembered that this entertainment was devised in the hope that receipts from it may cancel the debt still remaining on the Floating Hospital, which was the means of benefiting so many sick children last summer. The varied programme promises to make the evening of Washington's birthday a brilliant one in the Academy of Music, Irving and Nilsson Halls, which are to be united for the occasion. The tea party, the Revolutionary relics and curiosities, and the music and dancing will attract the social, the curious, and the gay. The lady attendants at the forty-nine tables will be attired in the fashions of a century ago. The tea will be served in cups manufactured in France expressly for this occasion. They are delicate and beautiful, are decorated with the coat of arms of the Washington family, and the dates "1776" and "1876." These cups and saucers will be sold as souvenirs. In Irving Hall there will be placed a large oil painting of Washington mounted on a white horse, and this will be illuminated by a calcium light. The music will be a specially interesting feature of the entertainment. Nilsson Hall will probably be devoted chiefly to a museum of relics and curiosities.

In April Queen Victoria is intending to visit Germany. After she has spent a while at Berlin, she will go to Baden.

A Worcester (Massachusetts) bank president, on hearing of the recent bank robbery at Northampton, is reported to have said: "I'm sick of this rascally world. Don't want to see or do business with any body. I'd rather be an old farmer, living on a cross-road four miles from the sight of every body, with a barrel of cider and two hogs, than to have any thing to do with banks, money, or men." We fancy that not only bank robberies, but recent forgeries, murders, and the downfall of trusted men, will lead many in business circles to echo the above sentiment, if not the exact words.

Not long ago a report was circulated that Anton Rubinstein, the celebrated pianist, had become blind. This report is contradicted, and the artist is said to be in excellent health.

Los Angeles has 2100 children who ought to go to school, but the school-houses only accommodate 1000.

An old inhabitant of Sunbury-on-Thames, England, eighty-four years old, recently gave a dinner to twenty-four poor people, whose combined ages amounted to 1800 years—an average of seventy-five years. The population of the town is about 3000, so there is pretty good evidence that it is a healthy locality.

The contract for building the bridge across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie has been awarded to the American Bridge Company, of Chicago. They agree to build the entire structure for $3,412,000—$1,000,000 to be paid in cash, and the balance in six per cent. gold bonds at par. The work is to be commenced as soon as $500,000 are raised, and the whole bridge is to be completed before January 1, 1879.

Under the supervision of Trinity corporation, a chapel and school-house will be built next spring on the site of the old Quaker burying-yard, on Houston Street, near the Bowery. When completed, the building will be known as the Chapel of St. Augustine.

The United States naval training ship *Minnesota*, which is now lying in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, has on board about 217 boys, who have enlisted in the service and are learning the duties of sailors. This training school was started early last July with about eighty boys. They enlist between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and the class admitted is unusually select, fully two-thirds of the applicants being rejected. The capacity of the *Minnesota* admits of training 500 boys on board at the same time, and it is probable that the number will soon be filled. The scholars are placed under a practical system of education, are thoroughly imbued with a spirit of enterprise, are taught the rigorous discipline of the navy, while at the same time their life on board is made as attractive as possible. Every year a hundred or a hundred and fifty of them are taken out in a tender for a short cruise, and are obliged to perform the duties which they have learned. At the age of eighteen the boys are placed on board some ship in actual commission, and their promotion thereafter is determined by their ability and conduct.

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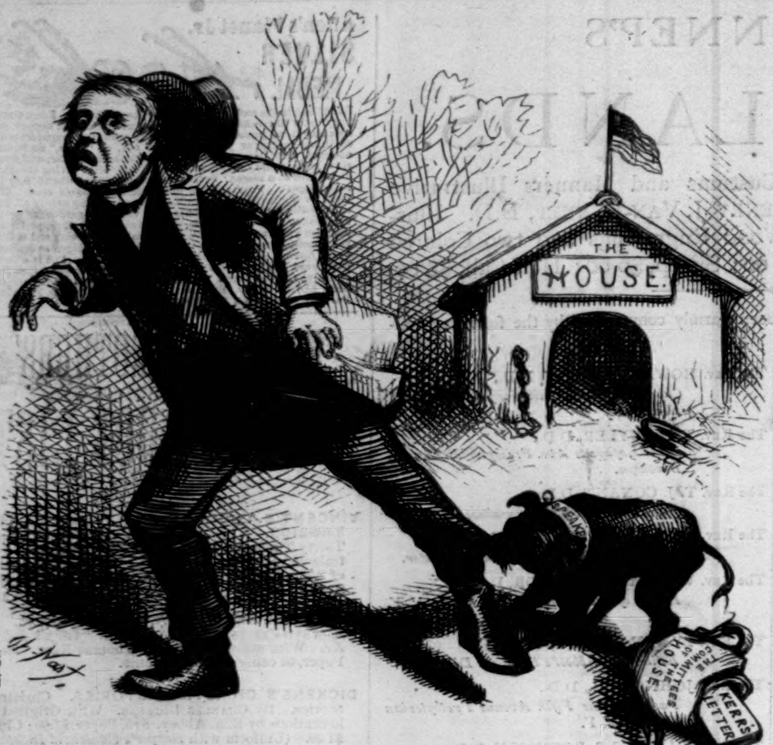

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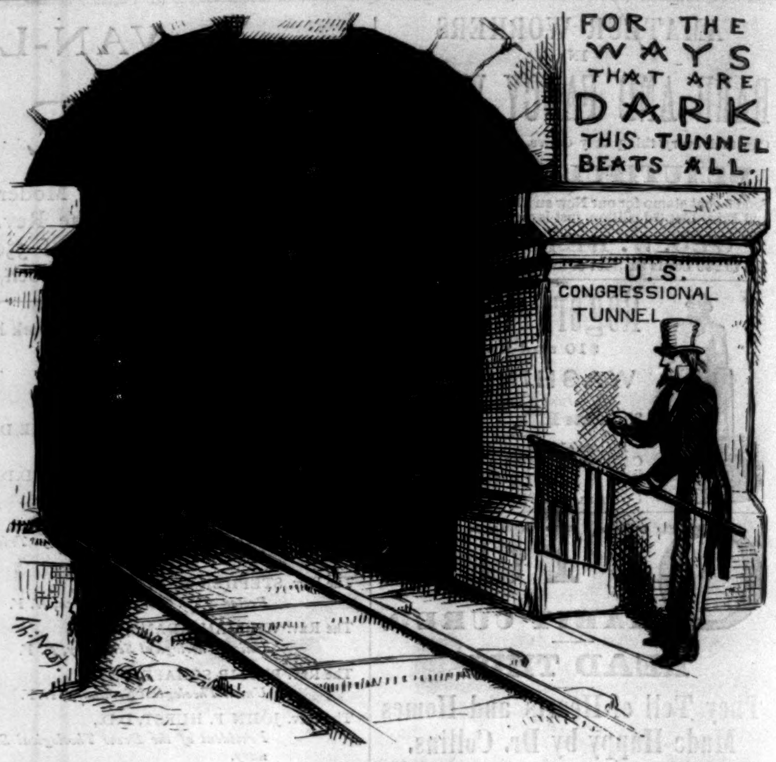
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The great revivalists, Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY, who electrified staid old England with their eloquence and enthusiasm, are fair samples of American genius. Springing from among the common people, their sympathies are alive to the wants of *the whole people*, and herein lies the secret of their great success. Those who seek to be popular must study and be familiar with the wants of the masses, and prove loyal thereto. To this fact we may trace the grand success in business, as well as in religious undertakings, which many Americans have achieved. Strikingly illustrative of these suggestions is that great establishment, located at Buffalo, N.Y., and known as the "World's Dispensary"—a most appropriate name, indeed, for that vast institution, within whose walls are manufactured remedies which are in demand in every quarter of the globe, and at which a corps of distinguished physicians and surgeons, under the personal direction of Dr. PIERCE, are constantly administering to the needs of thousands of sufferers every where, and whose success in the treatment of all forms of chronic ailments has become so well known that there is scarcely a hamlet in the land in which his name is not familiar. Its proprietor, says the *Herald and Torchlight*, of Detroit, "*is a man of the people*, writes for them, and to them tenders his eminent professional services." His advertisements are earnest exhortations. Like the great revivalists, his enthusiasm is multiplied by the unparalleled success of his enterprise, as well as by the efficacy of his remedies in curing disease. *The people believe in him* and his remedies, because, as the New York *Tribune* says, "he sympathizes with them in all their afflictions, efforts, and attainments." Hence, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to-day more largely employed as a blood and liver medicine, and also as a cough remedy, than any other remedial agent in the world. His favorite prescription he does not recommend as a "cure all," as is so often done by compounders of worthless, humbug nostrums, but for all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women it has proved itself so much of a specific that it now enjoys great popularity and universal confidence. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, "scarcely larger than mustard seed," have proved so agreeable and reliable as a cathartic that they are rapidly taking the place of the large, nauseous pills heretofore so much in use; while his Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is a favorite remedy for Colic, Cramps, Summer-complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus, and also as a liniment. Of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, little need be said, as they are known every where as the greatest specifics for catarrh and "cold in the head," ever given to the public. And besides this large measure of success, Dr. PIERCE seems likely to achieve as great renown as an author as he has as a physician. His COMMON-SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER, a book of about 900 pages, which he sells at the unparalleled low price of $1 50, has already been sold to the extent of exhausting two editions amounting to forty thousand copies. The secret of Dr. PIERCE's success, as well as that of the great revivalists, and scores of other Americans, who by their genius have advanced step by step from obscurity to affluence and distinction, consists in treating the people with consideration, spmpathy, candor, and honesty. No man, who hopes to attain either wealth or distinction, can *afford* to deal unfairly with the world or be indifferent to the wants and best interests of humanity.

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NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

While the various nations of the world are preparing to attend our birthday party, and men of art and science and letters are carefully looking through our annals to see what we have been doing for a century gone, it is pleasant to pause a moment over the picture of our country's metropolis (see double page of map and sketches) at the time when it emerged from kingly rule and became the capital of an infant republic.

New York city in 1776 was in outward appearance scarcely beyond an overgrown village. It occupied but a mere fraction of its present site, and that the extreme southwestern portion of Manhattan Island. Its streets were short and irregular, with a few notable exceptions, and its buildings a curious jumble of churches, mills, fashionable private residences, stores, taverns, tenement-houses, markets, and blacksmiths' shops.

The map explains itself. Sidewalks had crept only as far north as St. Paul's Chapel. Broadway above that point was a nice country road, opened nearly to what is now Anthony Street. On the river-bank, between Murray and Barclay streets, stood King's (since Columbia) College, surrounded by a wide stretch of picturesque scenery. It was a square edifice of moderate size, architecturally plain, and without the wings which gave it more of a scholastic character at a later day.

City Hall Park was known as "the Fields." The Brick Church, about eight years of age, stood on the northeast corner of Beekman Street and Park Row. The lot had been donated by the corporation; otherwise it is doubtful whether a church would have been erected so completely out of town. The northern view from it was unobstructed landscape, save that the more useful than cheerful objects, the poor-house and the jail, came between. The congregation was considered as one body with that worshiping in Wall Street; they had one board of trustees, one eldership, and one ministry. The picture of this church is from an original drawing. The site where the *Times* Building now stands was between the church and the three figures in the foreground. St. Paul's Chapel, which appears in the same sketch, was an elegant structure for the times, and but a few months older than its Presbyterian neighbor. The snug country-looking house to the right was afterward the residence of the Hon. Rufus King. Still later, it was occupied by John Jacob Astor, who had his store in the front-room on the first floor; it was under this roof that the late William B. Astor was born.

The stone-steepled Presbyterian church in Wall Street wears the smoke and dignity of over half a century. It had an eventful history. It was built in 1719, was enlarged in 1748, was taken down and rebuilt in 1810, was burned in 1835, was rebuilt in 1836, and in 1844 was removed stone by stone and re-erected in Washington Street, Jersey City. Its ministers during most of that period were men of exceptional scholarship and wide influence.

A Scotch Presbyterian church stood on Cedar Street, near Broadway. It was about the same age as the Brick Church. Its pastor in 1776 was the celebrated Rev. Dr. Mason. He died in 1792, after which his son, Rev. Dr. John M. Mason, was installed over it, and attained, if possible, greater eminence than his father. From this church grew an organization in 1810 which bore its pastor away to the pulpit of a new stone sanctuary situated on Murray Street, opposite Columbia College. In 1842 business crowded with such undaunted impertinence under the very droppings of this sacred edifice that it was taken down stone by stone, each of which was carefully marked, and the structure re-erected in Eighth Street, where it still remains.

On Nassau Street stood the Middle Dutch Church, the late New York city Post-office. It had a pretty portico and a painted picket fence, and presented a striking contrast to the dismal sugar-house of the Livingstons, but a few rods beyond. It was first opened for worship in 1729. For some years it had no gallery, and the ceiling was one entire arch without pillars. It was a substantial stone building, one hundred feet long and seventy feet wide, with a good steeple and bell.

It was an outgrowth of the Garden Street Church, which had the quaint demure look which comes from length of years. It was of oblong shape, with a three-sided projection on the east side. The tower was so large that the consistory held their meetings in it. Upon the glass of its windows, which were small panes set in lead, were curiously burned the coats of arms of the principal families who worshiped within its walls. When the edifice was erected, in 1693, it was located in the midst of a beautiful garden, laid out with bordered walks, choice shrubs and plants, and fragrant with many flowers. A lane alongside the garden was called "Garden Alley," and after a while "Garden Street." It is now Exchange Place.

The North Dutch Church, the fourth in the succession of Dutch churches, arose about the same time as St. Paul's Chapel, of which it was a rival in architectural pretensions. It was named from the fact of its being situated on the extreme northern limit of civilization. It fronted on a little pathway known as "Horse-and-Cart Lane."

The other places of worship were not numerous. There was a Jewish synagogue on Mill Street; there was a Moravian church on Fair Street; there was a Quaker meeting-house on Little Green Street, near Maiden Lane; there was a diminutive Baptist church on Gold, near John Street; and there was a modest little Methodist church on John Street. The French Protestants worshiped in a small edifice on Pine Street, south of the Middle Dutch Church, called "St. Esprit." It dated back three-fourths of a century, and was rich in interesting associations. When New Rochelle was settled by the Huguenots, and during the years which elapsed before they could support a church of their own, men, women, and children of all ages were in the habit of walking to New York to attend Sabbath worship. In order not to desecrate the Lord's day by actual travel, they would leave home on Saturday afternoon, and take up their homeward march from the city at midnight on Sunday. On Nassau, below John Street, was a German Reformed church, built in 1765. The corner-stone was laid by a young divine fresh from Heidelberg, Rev. Johann Michael Kern, who was installed pastor over the church, and who was the master-spirit who guided the feeble organization to prosperous growth.

In the view of the city from a point on the Hudson River near Hoboken the most noticeable object is the spire of Old Trinity, which towers one hundred and fifty feet into the heavens. The body of the edifice was hemmed in on either side, as now, by the memorials of the dead, and inclosed from Broadway by a paled fence. The walk up and down past it was called "the Mall," and a military band was stationed between the railing and the body of the church on pleasant afternoons. Trinity grounds, as also the grounds of most of the buildings on the west side of Broadway, extended to the river's edge. The inside of the church was ornamented beyond that of any other in the city. The head of the chancel was adorned with an altarpiece, and opposite, at the other end of the building, was a superb organ. The tops of the pillars which supported the galleries were decked with the gilt busts of winged angels. From the ceilings were suspended glass branches of great beauty; on the walls were hung the escutcheons of Governor Fletcher and other benefactors of the church. The furniture of the communion-table, desk, and pulpit was of the richest and costliest quality. Three full sets of communion plate had been bestowed successively by William and Mary, Queen Anne, and one of the Georges, each inscribed with the donor's initials and the royal arms.

The Established Church was in a prosperous condition. St. George's Chapel, on Beekman Street, had been erected in 1752, and St. Paul's Chapel later, to accommodate the constantly increasing list of worshipers. A school was supported, which was located in the rear of the little Lutheran church with the antique belfry; the latter stood on the corner of Rector Street and Broadway. Dr. Achmuty was rector of Trinity Church at the breaking out of the rebellion. He was an invalid, and finally removed with his family to Brunswick, New Jersey. The care of the parish in his absence devolved upon the oldest assistant, who was the Rev. Charles Inglis. He was presently plunged into grave embarrassment. The revolutionists forbade his praying for the king and royal family. He was accosted and insulted when he went into the streets; his life even was threatened if he did not desist from using the liturgy according to the text. To officiate publicly and abstain from the mention of England's monarch in his supplications was to violate his oath and the dictates of his conscience. He was relieved, however, from the responsibility of settling so significant a question by a startling incident. One Sunday morning a company of one hundred and fifty men marched into the church with drums beating and fifes playing and bayonets glistening on their loaded guns. The audience were terror-stricken, and several women fainted. It was supposed that if Mr. Inglis should read the collects for the king and royal family he would be shot in his sacred desk. He went on with the service bravely to the end, omitting no portion of it. There was restless and hostile demonstrations, but he was not harmed. The vestry interfered, and compromised the matter by agreeing to close the churches for the present, which was accordingly done. It was not long before the presence of the king's troops enabled the places for public worship to be opened without endangering life. In the autumn of the same year the great fire which swept over a portion of the city laid proud Old Trinity in a pile of gloomy ruins.

The city of 1776 boasted of one theatre. It was a little red wooden building on John Street, situated about sixty feet from the sidewalk, with which it was connected by a covered way.

Hanover Square was the business centre of the city. Several handsome private dwellings hobnobbed with the stores and warehouses, and in many instances families lived in rooms over the stores. Upon the corner of Hanover Square and Sloat Lane was the large, elegantly furnished mansion of Gerard W. Beekman, which was occupied by English naval officers during the Revolution. It was there Admiral Digby entertained Prince William Henry, afterward King of England.

Wall Street was the *up-town* point toward which fashion had set her face. The Verplancks, Winthrops, Marstons, Buchanans, Roosevelts, and Ludlows had pioneered the march. With the old church casting its shadows up and down, and the City Hall fronting Broad Street, the modest dwellings of the new-comers had reason to consider themselves under the protection of the most respectable society.

The City Hall was supported upon brick arches over the sidewalk, under which pedestrians could pass from street to street in all directions. It was an imposing building, the same which was altered after the war into the national Capitol, and known as Federal Hall. It was the great political and judicial centre of the Province, where, for nearly a century, had been held the sessions of the Supreme Court, the Admiralty Court, and the Mayor's Court. The court-room was in front, on the second floor. In winter the chief justice and judges were attired in robes of scarlet faced with black velvet; in summer they wore full black silk gowns. The city prisons were in the top of the building, where the dormer-windows appear. The debtors' prison was an open garret, neither ceiled nor plastered, with rough board partitions. There were significant dungeons deep in the earth, and a fire-engine room on first floor near the main entrance. The Public Library occupied one of the larger apartments of the building, and was frequented by scholars, authors, and lovers of literature; its windows overlooked the whipping-post and pillory opposite, in Broad Street, and just beyond the pillory could be seen the city Post-office. The slave mart was at the foot of Wall Street.

The Royal Exchange stood at the foot of Broad Street, nearly on the line of Water Street. It was completed in 1754, and was leased for one year by Oliver De Lancey for $50. One room was specially fitted up for the meeting of merchants, and the remainder of the building was appropriated to various uses. A coffee-room was opened at one end by Kern & Lightfoot. The "Long Room" was where different societies met to elect officers, etc., and it was where "the largest and most respectable number of the inhabitants ever known to be assembled on such an occasion gave an elegant entertainment to his Excellency the Governor [Tryon] on his approaching departure for Great Britain, March 24, 1774."

Governor Tryon's house was on Broad Street; and when he embarked on his voyage, he was attended on foot to the wharf by the members of his Council, the General Assembly in a body, the clergy of the various churches, the Mayor and Common Council, and a "vast concourse of citizens." Mrs. Tryon and her daughter, accompanied by several ladies, had proceeded to the vessel about an hour earlier.

When Governor Tryon returned from England, in 1775, he was received at the wharf, and conducted with stately ceremony to the house of Hugh Wallace, on Dock Street, and feasted as if he had been the Grand Mogul. Wallace was one of the members of the Governor's Council, and lived in great style and entertained magnificently. He was the second president of the Chamber of Commerce.

Next door to where Governor Tryon lived, on Broad Street, was the ancient town-house of Robert, third lord of Livingston Manor. His brother, John Livingston, lived somewhat pretentiously on Queen Street, a few rods away. The wife of the latter was the daughter of Hon. Abraham De Peyster, the Treasurer of New York Province for forty-six years, and one of the richest magnates of his time.

The old De Peyster mansion was also on Queen Street. It was nearly opposite Pine. It was fifty-nine by eighty feet, and three stories high. Over a great double door in the centre of the front was a broad balcony, with double arched windows, which had for three-quarters of a century been a favorite resort for the Governors of New York when they wished to hold military reviews. The grounds of the house occupied the whole block. In 1776 the place was in possession of James De Peyster, the eldest son of the Treasurer. His country-seat (until recently) was "Ranelagh," as shown upon the map. It was a great castle-shaped house, expensively furnished, and containing a large library and choice pictures; around it were open groves, wooded walks, and wide lawns and gardens.

Upon Princess Street Peter Van Brugh Livingston, whose wife was a sister of Lord Stirling, had built a fine dwelling. He was the President of the New York Congress. Upon Dock Street Robert Cambridge Livingston, the son of the lord of the manor, was living in handsome style. He took his middle name as a distinction from having graduated from Cambridge University, England. He had a country-seat on Brooklyn Heights. His nearest neighbor on Dock Street (the houses were as like as twins) was Robert Gilbert Livingston, Jun., the grandson of Gilbert, the second son of the first lord of Livingston Manor. He retired to his estate at Red Hook, on the Hudson, during the war. Upon Duke Street lived Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and brother to Robert, lord of the manor. He had a country-seat on Brooklyn Heights.

The numerous members of the De Lancey family, like the Livingstons, had many mansions. Fraunce's Tavern, a celebrated public-house on the corner of Broad and Dock streets, was the early homestead of the De Lanceys, and the birthplace of the distinguished Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey. The edifice on Broadway just north of Trinity Church, which was known for many years as the City Hotel, was the De Lancey homestead at a period subsequent to the palmy days of the family home on Broad Street. Its well-cared-for grounds ran down to the water's edge, and Thames Street was the alleyway of the property. It was an immense house, encircled by balconies, and there was one wide piazza reaching the entire length of the rear of the house. The view from this charming spot can be readily imagined. The country-seat of Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey was on the Bowery Road, above Grand Street. It spread over an incredible number of acres. The house, a broad, stately brick building, stood in the rear of the block between Rivington and Delancey streets, and a shaded avenue led from it to the road.

Just north of this great De Lancey farm was the country-seat of Judge Thomas Jones, whose wife was Ann De Lancey. And in the same neighborhood was the Ruggles mansion.

The Fifth Avenue of New York in 1776 was practically in that quarter nearest the fort. The Lawrences, Crugers, Van Dams, Bayards, Morrises, Van Hornes, and other consequential families resided there. Numerous arrogant-looking mansions with terraces and high balconies overlooked the Bowling Green, which was inclosed with an iron fence, and contained the statue of King George III. on horseback, gorgeously gilded, and mounted on a marble pedestal.

The Bayards had extensive country-seats on Manhattan Island. That of Nicholas Bayard was in the neighborhood of Grand Street and Broadway; that of William Bayard was on the Hudson, near the foot of what is now Thirty-fourth Street, and adjoining the elegant villa of Hon. Oliver De Lancey, who was one of the Governor's Councilors. Samuel Bayard, Jun., was the Secretary of the Province, and his office was at the right of the fort gate. What is now the Washington House, No. 1 Broadway, was then the palatial private residence of Captain Archibald Kennedy, of the Royal Navy, afterward eleventh Earl of Carsilis and member of the House of Lords. This house had a broad handsome front, with elegantly carved doorway in the centre, wide halls, and immense rooms. The parlor was fifty feet long. The banqueting-hall was a magnificent apartment. The style in which the family lived was ostentatious, but in strict accordance with the aristocratic notions of the times.

The Watts mansion, next adjoining, to the north, was equally elegant in its appointments. The garden in the rear was kissed by the waves, and the salt spray, driven by a smart breeze, often forced the family to quit the piazza which overlooked the river. This fact serves to illustrate the growth of real estate out of the water.

A little further, on Broadway, was the city residence of Chief Justice Robert R. Livingston, the father of Chancellor Livingston, whose summer home was the manor-house at Clermont. No. 9 and No. 11 Broadway belonged to the Van Cortlandts, whose country-seat was at Yonkers. The two houses were built together, presenting an imposing front. The grounds about the entire edifice were filled with shrubbery and flowers. No. 11 was a part of the inheritance of Mrs. Henry White, who lived there for more than half a century after the Revolution. After her death, in 1836, the two dwellings were converted into a public-house known as the Atlantic Garden.

Hon. Henry White was a member of the Governor's Council, and one of the founders of the Chamber of Commerce. The White homestead in 1776 was on Queen Street, opposite Cedar. It was a great three-story square structure, with a hall in the middle as broad as the parlors of the present day. It was occupied after the war by Governor Clinton. The grounds extended to Water Street.

Franklin Square was then an out-of-town continuation of Queen Street. The Walton House had been erected there in 1754. It was the most costly private residence which had been attempted on this continent. It was English in design, and, as far as practicable, an improvement upon all previous American architecture. Its bricks, brown-stone water-tables, lintels, jambs, and decorations were imported. Its broad portico was upheld by fluted columns surmounted with armorial bearings. The heads of lions cut from the freestone looked down upon the street from between the windows. The furniture was in keeping with the style of the structure. The lavish entertainments which were given here were prolific subjects for criticism in England. If money was so plentiful in the colonies, why should the colonists be excused from helping to pay the debt of England? The colonists replied in their own explicit manner.

The Burns Coffee-House, the noted rendezvous of the "Sons of Liberty," was on Broadway, but its precise site remains to be located. Historic fiction has erroneously identified it with the "Atlantic Garden," but it was another building.

The Town Pump, which stood at the head of Chatham Square, supplied the city of 1776 with (tea) water, and enterprising cartmen peddled it through the town at so much per quart.

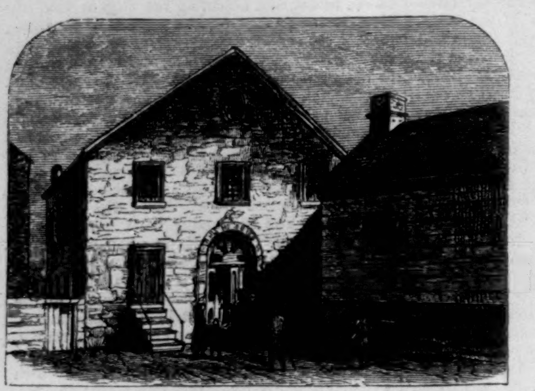
There were quite a number of country-seats scattered over the island. That of Hon. John Watts, the Rose-hill Farm, was bounded on the south by Twenty-first Street, on the east by the East River, and stretched along the post-road for a considerable distance to the north. The gateway of the private avenue to the mansion was about the present corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. Madison Square was a nice little pond which afforded ample skating facilities for the boys in winter—only that there were no boys within easy distance.

The Kip farm was in the region of Thirty-fifth Street and East River. The Murray farm gave the name to Murray Hill. Daniel Ludlow had a country place at Barretto's Point, on the East River, and used to drive into town four-in-hand during the summer months. The favorite equipage of the gentry was an English chariot for four or six horses, the box of which could be taken off when desired. Servants were always in livery. "One-horse shays" were very much in vogue at that time, also a vehicle known as a "chair." Admiral Sir Peter Warren had a charming villa on the Hudson near the foot of Fifteenth Street. There were three stately Stuyvesant mansions, with cultivated lands about them, in the vicinity of the present Historical Society Building. There were several other country-seats of note, and numerous large and small farms scattered over the island.

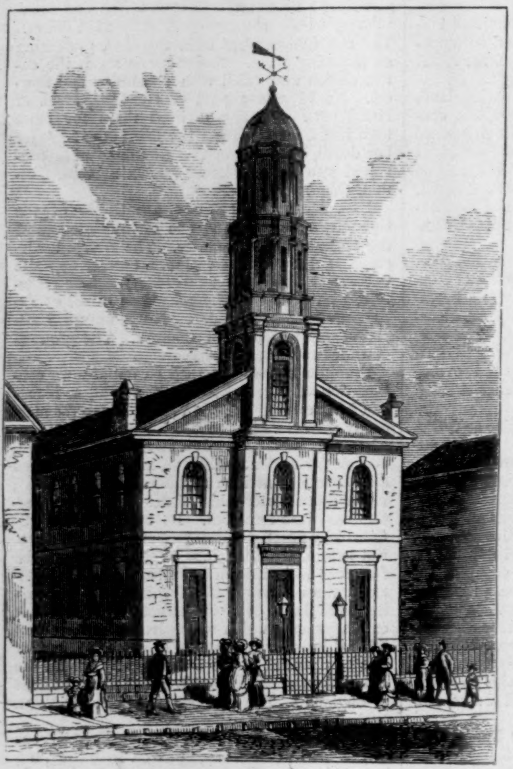
In 1776 gentlemen walked the streets in black satin small-clothes, wore white embroidered satin vests, ruffled shirts, and velvet or cloth coats of any color in the rainbow. Their shoes were fastened with glittering buckles, and their heads crowned with powdered wigs and cocked hats. Indeed, dress was one of the signs and symbols of a gentleman. Social distinctions were strongly marked in the New York of that era, and every body knew who was who.

The most prosaic and practical American can hardly resist being stirred into enthusiasm over the contrast between the New York of 1776 and the New York of 1876. The simple picture is more eloquent than gifted oratory. The events which have come between are not within the province of this article. We shall hear of them (for they concern the whole country, the past and the present, the honor of the living and the memory of the dead) during the approaching jubilee, which bids fair to become of world-wide importance.

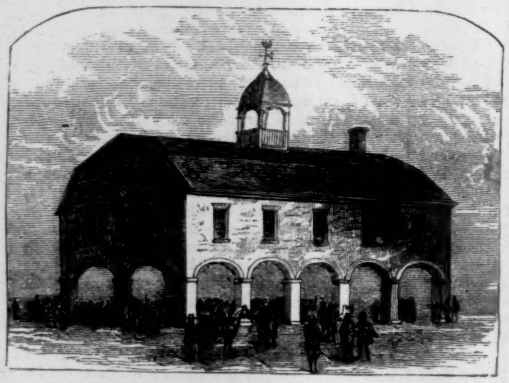
Martha J. Lamb.



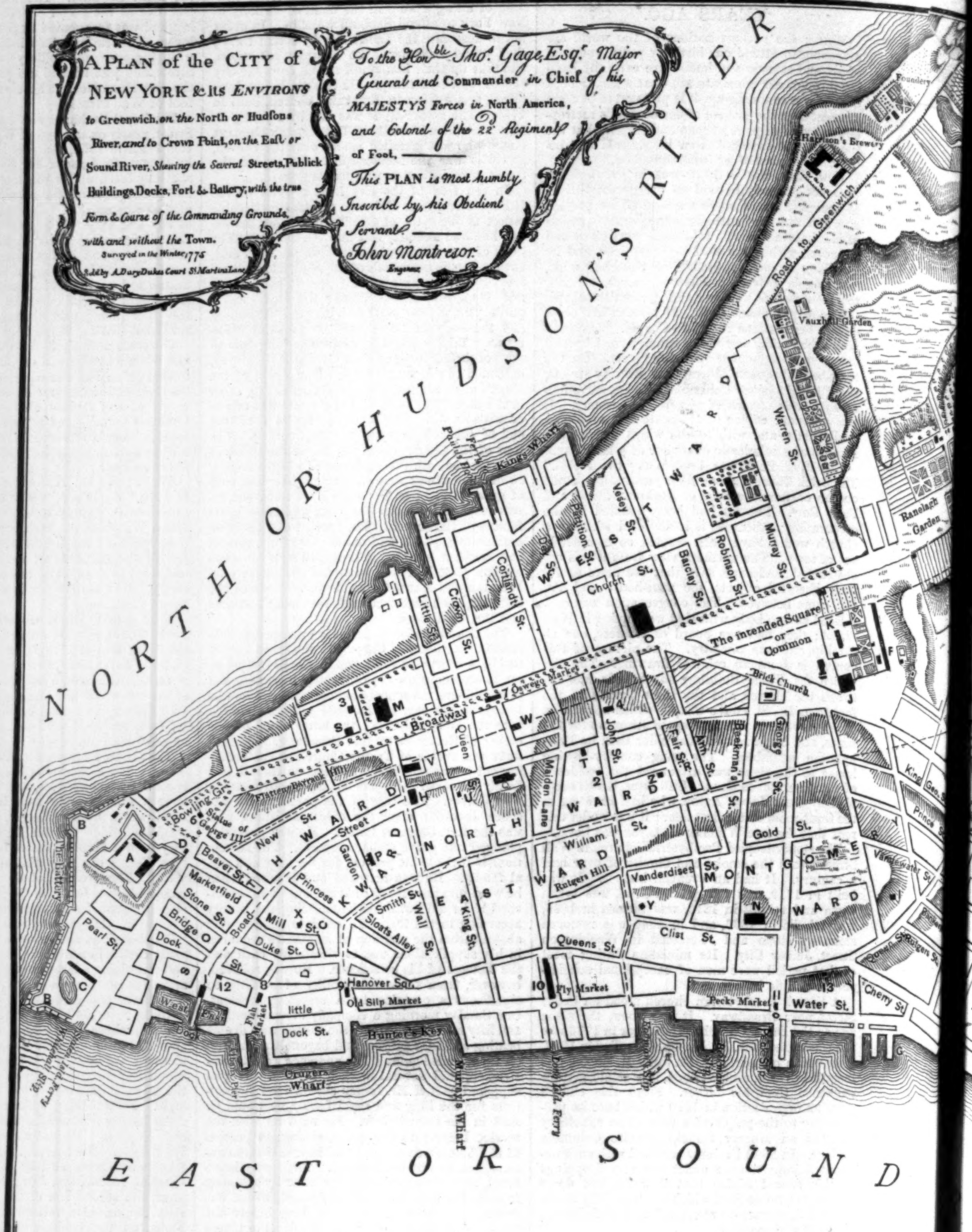
METHODIST CHURCH, JOHN STREET.



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WALL STREET.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, BROAD STREET.

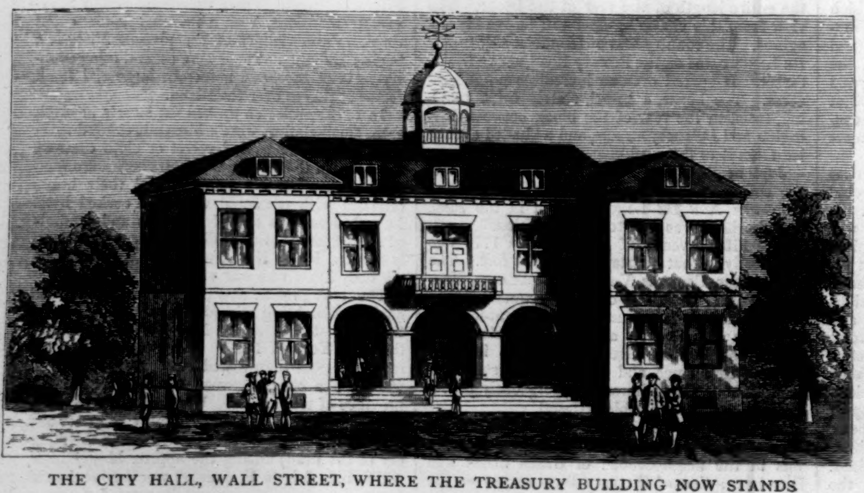


A PLAN of the CITY of NEW YORK & its ENVIRONS to Greenwich, on the North or Hudsons River, and to Crown Point, on the East or Sound River, Shewing the Several Streets, Publick Buildings, Docks, Fort & Battery, with the true Form & Course of the Commanding Grounds, with and without the Town.
Surveyed in the Winter, 1775
Sold by A. Dury Dukes Court St. Martins Lane
To the Hon^ble Tho^s. Gage, Esq^r. Major General and Commander in Chief of his MAJESTY'S Forces in North America, and Colonel of the 22^d Regiment of Foot, —— This PLAN is Most humbly Inscribd by his Obedient Servant —— John Montresor. Engineer.
NORTH OR HUDSON'S RIVER
EAST OR SOUND
Broadway
The intended Square or Common
Road to Greenwich
Vauxhall Garden
Ranelagh Garden
Brick Church
Bowling Gr.
Statue of George III
Broad St.
Wall St.
Queen St.
William St.
Maiden Lane
John St.
Fair St.
Ann St.
Beekman's St.
Gold St.
Vanderdises St.
Rutgers Hill
Queens St.
Clist St.
Water St.
Cherry St.
Dock St.
Pearl St.
Beaver St.
Stone St.
Bridge St.
Marketfield St.
Mill St.
Duke St.
Princess St.
Smith St.
Sloats Alley
King St.
Hanover Sq.
Old Slip Market
Fly Market
Pecks Market
Hunter's Key
Crugers Wharf
Murray's Wharf
Cortlandt St.
Crown St.
Little Queen St.
Dey St.
Partition St.
Vesey St.
Barclay St.
Robinson St.
Murray St.
Warren St.
Church St.
Oswego Market
King's Wharf
WEST WARD
NORTH WARD
EAST WARD
DOCK WARD
SOUTH WARD
MONTGOMERIE WARD
OUT WARD

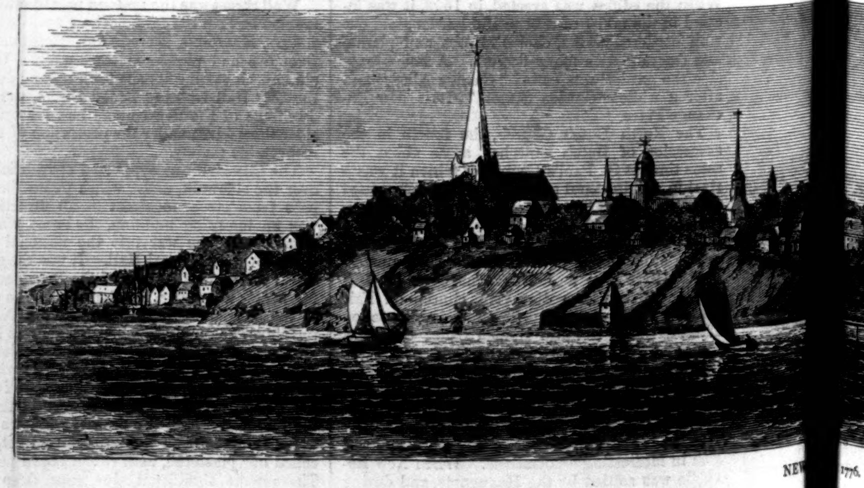
A. Fort George.
B. Batteries.
C. Military Hospital.
D. Secretary's Office.
E. Powder Magazine.
F. Soldiers' Barracks.
G. Ship-Yards.
H. City Hall.
I. Exchange.
J. Jail.
K. Work-House.
L. College.
M. Trinity Church.

N. St. George's Chapel.
O. St. Paul's Chapel.
P. Garden Street Church.
Q. Middle Dutch Church.
R. North Dutch Church.
S. Lutheran Church.
T. German Reformed Church.
U. French Protestant Church.
V. First Presbyterian Church.
W. Quaker Meeting-House.
X. Jews' Synagogue.
Y. Baptists' Meeting-House.
Z. Moravian Meeting-House.

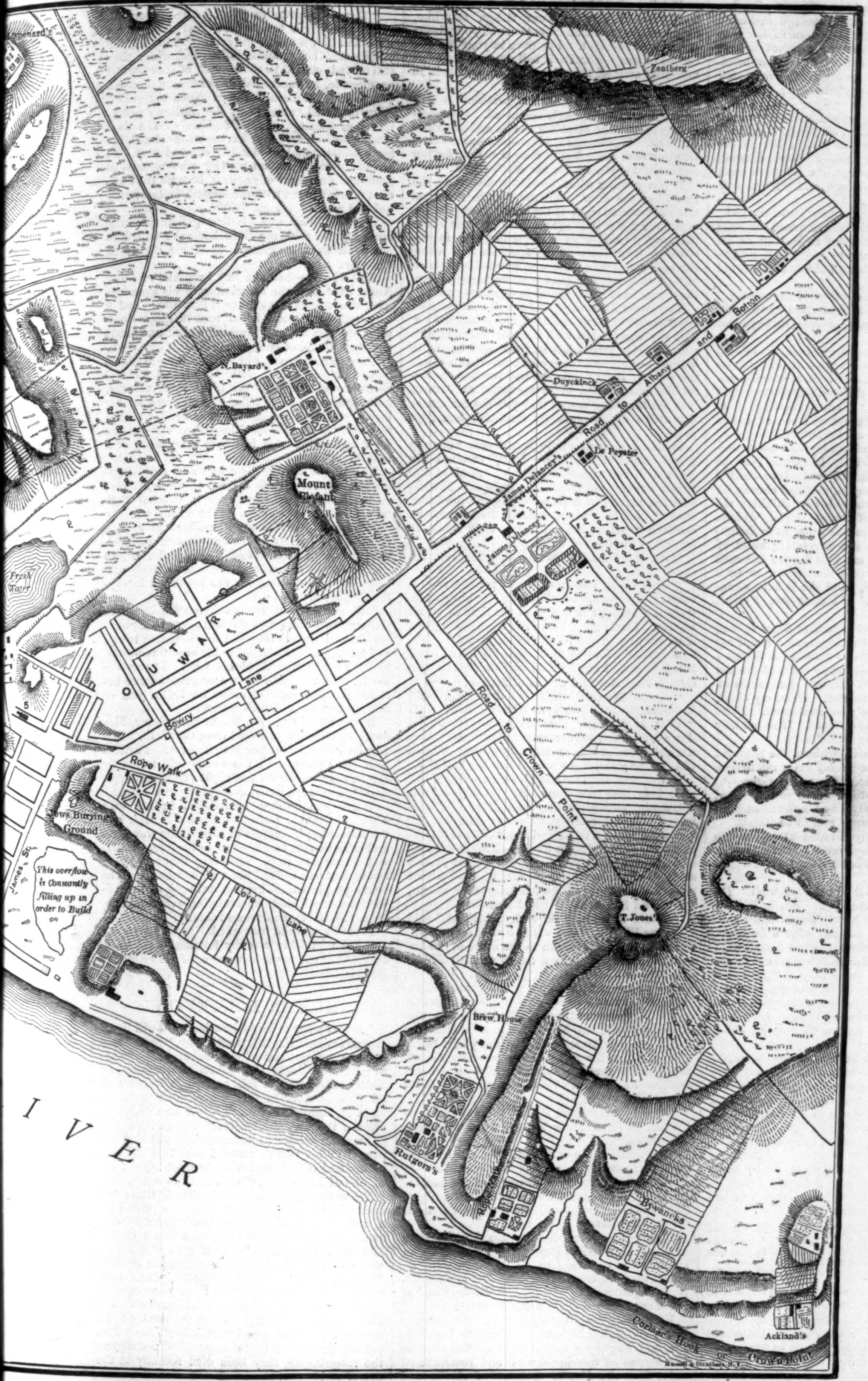
1. New Lutheran Meeting-House.
2. Methodist Meeting-House.
3. Free School.
4. The Theatre.
5. Fresh-water Pump, from which the Town is supplied.
6. Statue of George III.
7. Oswego Market.
8. Fish Market.
9. Old Slip Market.
10. Fly Market.
11. Peck's Market.
12. Fraunce's Tavern.
13. Walton Mansion.

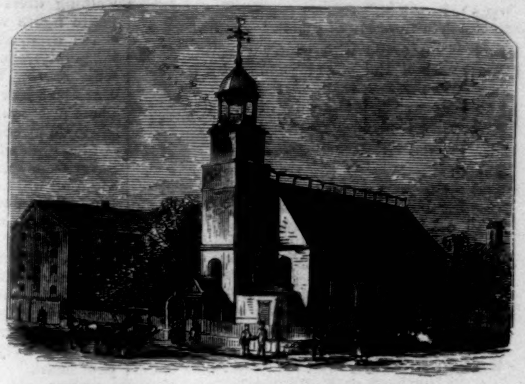


THE CITY HALL, WALL STREET, WHERE THE TREASURY BUILDING NOW STANDS

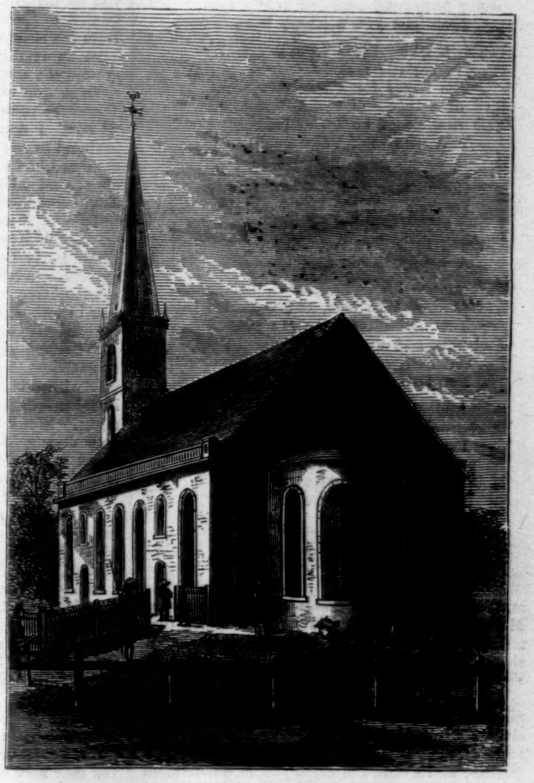


NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED

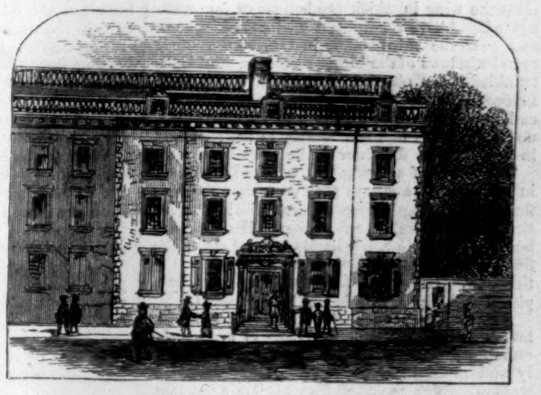

Zantberg
N. Bayard's
Mount Pleasant
Duyckinck
De Peyster
James Delancey's Road to Albany and Boston
James Delancey
Fresh Water
OUTWARD
Bowry Lane
Rope Walk
Jews Burying Ground
James St.
This overflow is Commonly filling up in order to Build on
Love Lane
Road to Crown Point
T. Jones
Brew House
Rutgers's
Bycancks
Ackland's
Corlaers Hook or Crown Point
IVER



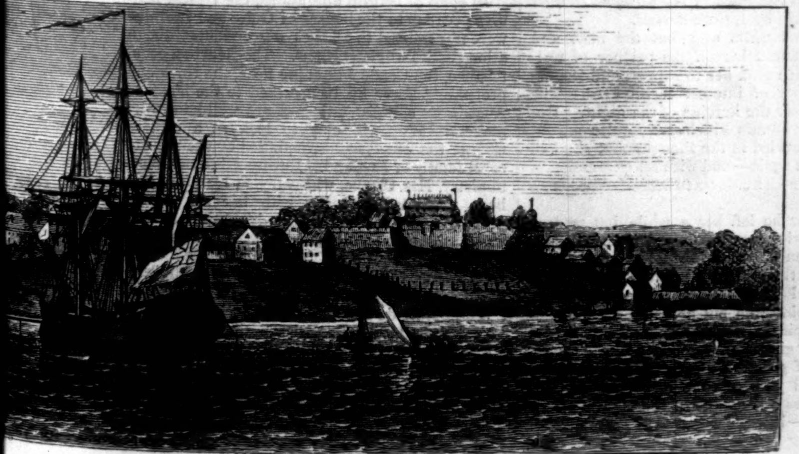
MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH, LATE POST-OFFICE.



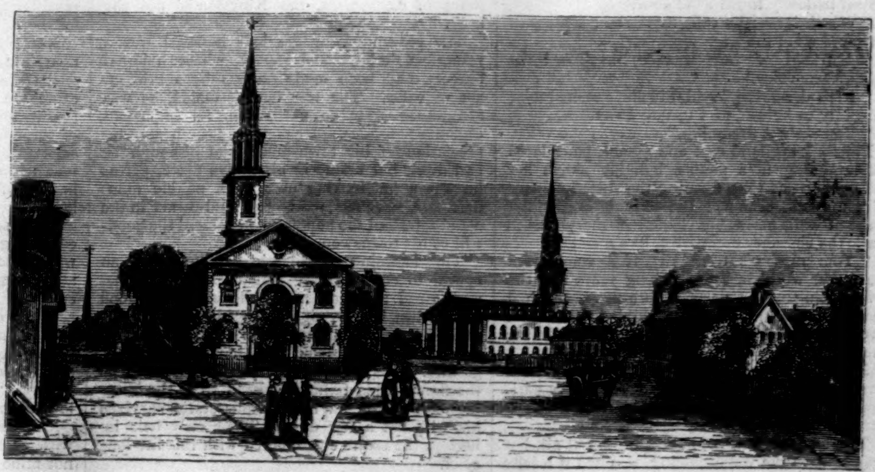
TRINITY CHURCH IN 1776.



THE WALTON HOUSE IN 1776.



1776.



THE BRICK CHURCH AND ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

RS AGO.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]